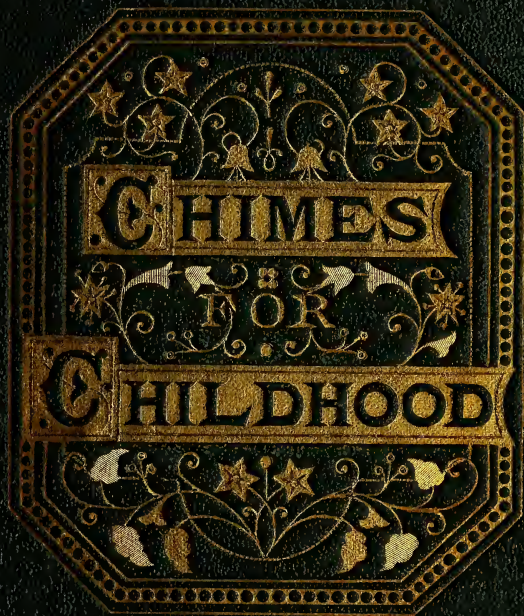


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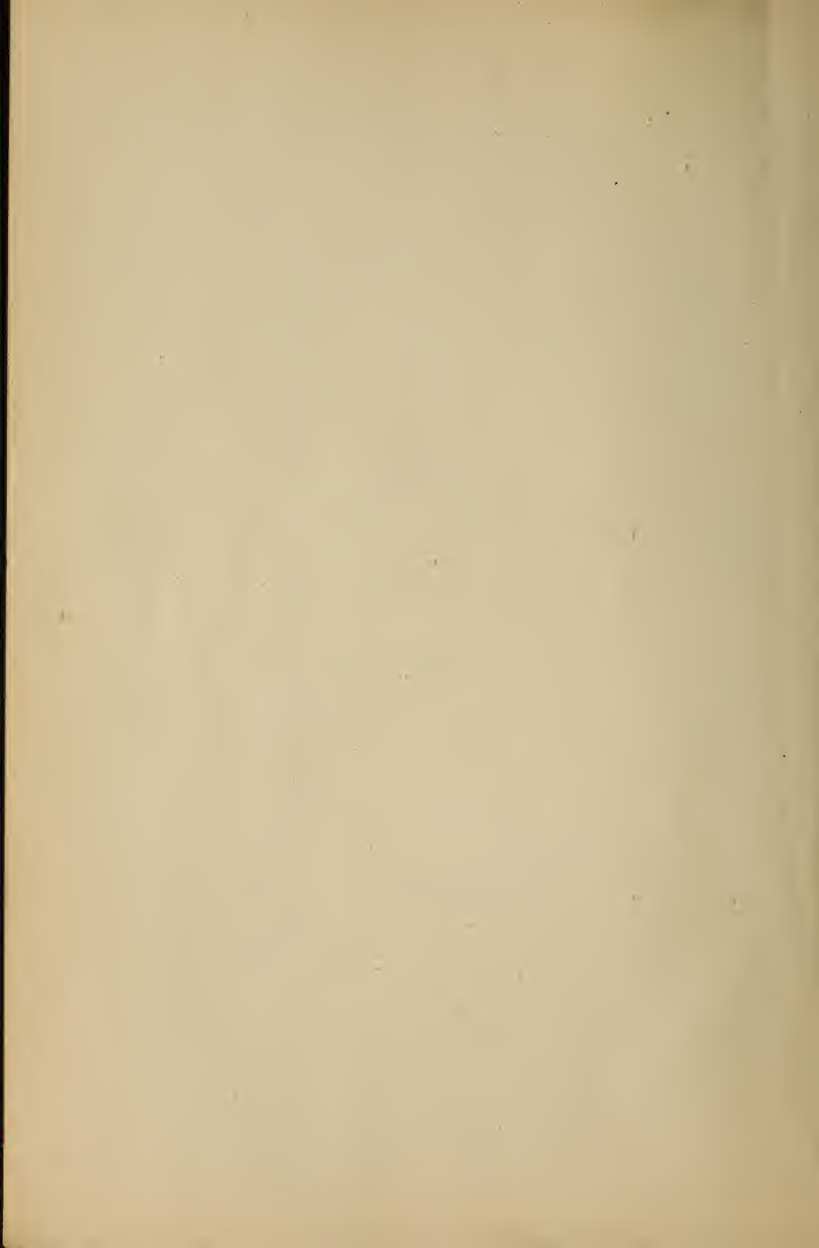
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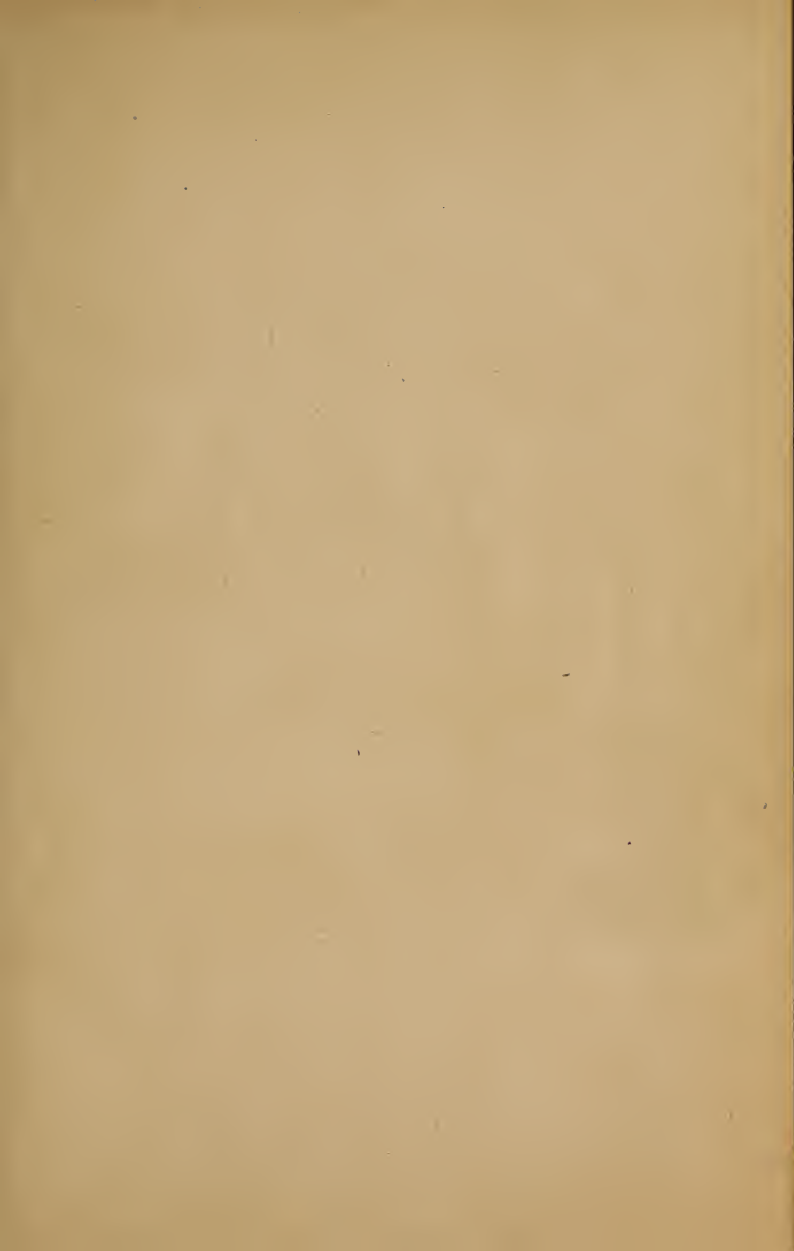
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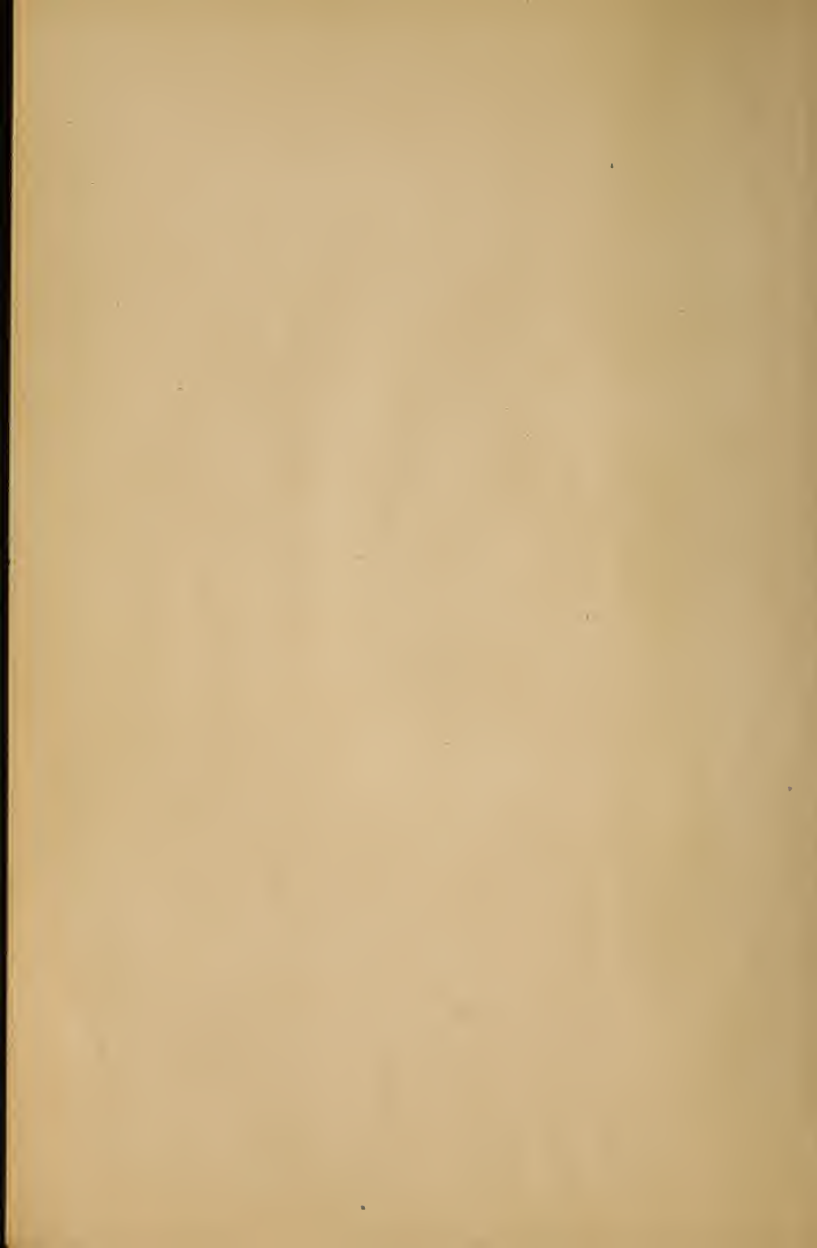
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CHIMES FOR CHILDHOOD.

A COLLECTION OF

SONGS FOR LITTLE ONES.



WITH TWENTY ILLUSTRATIONS

BY BIRKET FOSTER, MILLAIS, AND OTHER EMINENT ARTISTS.

BOSTON:
LEE AND SHEPARD.

[1868]



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DEDICATED

TO

MARY JACKSON,

OF ST. LOUIS, MO.,

ONE OF MY EARLIEST AND WARMEST FRIENDS

AMONG THE "LITTLE FOLKS" FOR


WHOM IT IS PREPARED.





P R E F A C E .



N offering this compilation to the public, the editor does not deem an apology necessary, as there can be no question as to the value of Poetry in the education and refinement of children. The only question which arises is, What kind of poetry shall we place in our children's hands to entertain and instruct them? Some collections of children's songs consist mainly of verses, whose authors seem to think that any lack of beauty and rhythm may be made up by a "moral and application" well enforced; and others apparently believe that anything that has rhyme and jingle to it is good enough for children. A third class, going to the opposite extreme, exclude all not coming up to their standard of excellence as "best poems of the language." One of the most ambitious of the latter, claiming to contain "nearly all the genuine poetry in our language fitted to please children," has excluded "nearly all verse written for children, and most of the poetry written about children." In the compilation of this volume, the editor has endeavored to avoid extremes, and, while rejecting all puerile and unmusical verses, to keep in mind the fact



that he is catering to youthful and undeveloped minds, and that the true end of poetry is to refine the taste, quicken the imagination, strengthen good aspirations, and make the heart of the reader more reverent as well as more mindful of its duties to others; in short, to make one less selfish, and, consequently, more happy. To this end he has selected a large number of acknowledged favorites, and confined himself mainly to well-known authors; and while he has chosen several pieces not so well known to fame, he has endeavored to choose none but those containing some poetic excellence. The devotional poems were chosen with the view to making them acceptable to all Christians, of whatever name or denomination.

In order that the volume might be more entertaining and useful as a book for presentation, it has been embellished with an unusually large number of illustrations and page ornaments; and the fact that they are from the pencils of Millais, Birket Foster, and W. H. Rogers, is a sufficient guarantee of their merit.

The editor acknowledges his indebtedness to Messrs. Ticknor & Fields, and other publishers, and the authors whom they represent, for their kindness in allowing him to use pieces of which they own the copyright.

Trusting that both Chimes and Pictures may please the "Little Ones," and that they are not without merit enough to receive the approbation of some "children of a larger growth," the editor offers them to a discriminating public, knowing they must stand or fall on their merit alone.

D. E.

DORCHESTER, 1868.



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THE CHILD AND THE PIPER.



PIPING down the valleys wild,
Piping songs of pleasant glee,
On a cloud I saw a child,
And he, laughing, said to me, —

“Pipe a song about a lamb!”
So I piped with merry cheer;
“Piper, pipe that song again!”
So I piped — he wept to hear.

“Drop thy pipe, thy happy pipe;
Sing thy songs of happy cheer!”
So I sang the same again,
While he wept with joy to hear.

“Piper, sit thee down, and write
In a book, that all may read!”
So he vanished from my sight,
And I plucked a hollow reed, —

And I made a rural pen,
And I stained the water clear,
And I wrote my happy songs,
Every child may joy to hear.

W. Blake.



THE BABY SOLDIER.



ANOTHER little private
Mustered in
The army of temptation
And of sin.

Another soldier arming
For the strife,
To fight the toilsome battles
Of a life.



Another little sentry
Who will stand
On guard, while evil prowls
On every hand.

Lord, our little darling
Guide and save,
'Mid the perils of the march
To the grave!

Pacific Monthly.





LITTLE BIRDIE.



WHAT does little birdie say
In her nest at peep of day?
"Let me fly," says little birdie;
"Mother, let me fly away."
"Birdie, rest a little longer,
Till the little wings are stronger."
So she rests a little longer;
Then she flies away.

What does little baby say
In her bed at peep of day?
Baby says, like little birdie,
"Let me rise and fly away."
"Baby, sleep a little longer,
Till the little limbs are stronger:
Baby, too, shall fly away."

Tennyson.



*Under the greenwood tree
Who loves to lie with me.*



SONG.



UNDER the greenwood tree
Who loves to lie with me,
And tune his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat,
Come hither, come hither, come hither;
Here shall he see
No enemy,
But winter and rough weather.

Who doth ambition shun,
And loves to live in the sun,
Seeking the food he eats,
And pleased with what he gets,
Come hither, come hither, come hither;
Here shall he see
No enemy,
But winter and rough weather.

Shakespeare.



SOFTLY, SOFTLY, LITTLE CHILD.



SOFTLY, softly, little child ;

Do not wear that angry brow ;
Do not speak that naughty word ;
Angel-steps are near thee now.

Softly, softly, little child ;
Drive thy passions far away,
And thy angel visitants
Close will fold their wings and stay.

Softly, softly, little child ;
Drop the penitential tear :
Angels catch it ere it falls —
Bear it up to heaven from here.

Softly, softly, little child,
Are the songs of angels blent :
Joyous are the strains above
O'er the child that doth repent.

Julie Leonard.



STALKY JACK.



KNEW a boy who took long walks,
Who lived on beans and ate the
stalks ;

To the Giants' country he lost his way ;
They kept him there for a year and a day ;
But he has not been the same boy since ;
An alteration he did evince ;
For you may suppose that he underwent
A change in his notions of extent !

He looks with contempt on a nice high door,
And tries to walk in at the second floor ;
He stares with surprise at a basin of soup ;
He fancies a bowl as large as a hoop ;
He calls the people minikin mites ;
He calls a surloin a couple of bites !
Things having come to these pretty passes,
They bought him some magnifying glasses.



He puts on the goggles, and said, "My eyes!
The world has come to its proper size!"

But all the boys cry, "Stalky John!

There you go with your goggles on!"

What girl would marry him — and *quite*
right —

To be taken for three times her proper
height?

So this comes of taking extravagant walks,
And living on beans and eating the stalks.

Lilliput Levec.





WHAT THE BIRDS SAY.



DO you ask what the birds say?
The sparrow, the dove,
The linnet and thrush say, "I
love, and I love!"

In the winter they're silent, the wind is so
strong;

What it says I don't know, but it sings a loud
song.

But green leaves and blossoms,
And sunny warm weather,
And singing and loving
All come back together.

But the lark is so brimful of gladness and
love,

The green fields below him, the blue sky
above,

That he sings, and he sings, and forever
sings he,

"I love my love, and my love loves me."

Coleridge.



IF I WERE A SUNBEAM.



F I were a sunbeam,
I know what I'd do :
I would seek white lilies

Rainy woodlands through ;
I would steal in among them ;
Softest light I'd shed,
Until every lily
Raised its drooping head.

If I were a sunbeam,
I know where I'd go —
Into lowliest hovels,
Dark with want and woe ;
Till sad hearts looked upward,
I would shine and shine !
Then they'd think of heaven,
Their sweet home and mine.



Art thou not a sunbeam,
Child, whose life is glad
With an inner radiance
Sunshine never had?
O, as God hath blessed thee,
Scatter rays divine!
For there is no sunbeam
But must die or shine.

Lucy Larcom.



A MOTHER'S SONG.



H, come now, my darling,
And lie on my breast,
For that's the soft pillow
My baby loves best:
Peace rests on thine eyelids,
As sweetly they close,
And thoughts of to-morrow
Ne'er break thy repose.



What dreams in thy slumber,
Dear baby, are thine ?
Thy sweet lips are smiling,
When pressed thus to mine.
All lovely and guileless
Thou sleepest in joy,
And Heaven watches over my beautiful boy.
Oh, would thus that ever
My darling might smile,
And still be a baby
My griefs to beguile ;
But Hope whispers sweetly,
" Ne'er broken shall be
The tie that unites my sweet baby to me."

Alexander Smart.





THE FLY.



ABY BYE, here's a fly :

Let us watch him, you and I.
How he crawls up the walls —
Yet he never falls.

I believe, with those six legs,
You and I could walk on eggs!
There he goes, on his toes,
Tickling Baby's nose!

Spots of red dot his head:
Rainbows on his wings are spread!
That small speck is his neck;
See him nod and beck!
I can show you, if you choose,
Where to look to find his shoes;
Three small pairs, made of hairs —
These he always wears.



Black and brown is his gown ;
He can wear it upside down !
It is laced round his waist ;
I admire his taste.
Pretty as his clothes are made,
He will spoil them, I'm afraid,
If, to-night, he gets sight
Of the candle-light !

In the sun webs are spun :
What if he gets into one ?
When it rains he complains
On the window-panes.
Tongues to talk have you and I :
God has given the little fly
No such things ; so he sings
With his buzzing wings.

He can eat bread and meat ;
See his mouth between his feet !
On his back hangs a sack,
Like a pedler's pack.
Does the Baby understand ?
Then the fly shall kiss her hand.
Put a crumb on her thumb ;
Maybe he will come.



Round and round, on the ground,
On the ceiling he is found.
Catch him? No: let him go,
Never hurt him so.
Now you see his wings of silk
Drabbled in the Baby's milk!
Fie, oh, fie! foolish fly!
He will soon get dry.

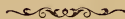
All wet flies twist their thighs:
So they wipe their heads and eyes.
Cats, you know, wash just so:
Then their whiskers grow.
Flies have hair too short to comb!
Flies go barefoot out from home!
But the gnat wears a hat:
Do you laugh at that?

Flies can see more than me—
So how bright their eyes must be!
Little fly, mind your eye—
Spiders are near by!
Now a secret let me tell:
Spiders will not treat you well!
So I say, heed your way!
Little fly, good day!

Theodore Tilton.



LULLABY.



COME to my arms, you bewildering
elf!

Let me gather you, body and
soul, to myself;

Bury your scintillant eyes and hair,
And all the glory and grace you wear,
From twinkling feet to golden crown;
Clasping you close to my bosom and heart,
A thing of my holiest being a part,
Crooning a song in olden rhyme,
Tender and sweet as a vesper chime.

Sleep, baby boy;
The little birds rest,
Downy and soft,
In the mother-bird's nest;



The lambkins are safe
In the shepherd's warm fold;
The dew-drops asleep
In the buttercup's gold.

The violet nods
To the daisy's dream;
The lily lies hushed
On the lap of the stream;
And holy and calm,
Like motherly eyes,
The stars look down
From the silent skies.

Sleep, baby boy,
My birdling, my flower,
My lily, my lambkin,
My dew-drop, my dower!
While heart against heart
Beats softly in time
To the murmuring flow
Of my tender old rhyme.

Mary Forrest.



BABY BUNN.



INSOME Baby Bunn!

Brighter than the stars that rise
In the dusky evening skies,
Browner than the raven's wing,
Clearer than the woodland spring,
Are the eyes of Baby Bunn!

Smile, mother, smile!
Thinking softly all the while
Of a tender, blissful day,
When the dark eyes, so like these
Of the cherub on your knees,
Stole your girlish heart away.
Oh, the eyes of Baby Bunn!
Rarest mischief will they do,
When once old enough to steal
What their father stole from you!
Smile, mother, smile!

Home Journal.



THE CHILDREN'S HOUR.



BETWEEN the dark and the day-
light,
When the night is beginning to
lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations
That is known as the Children's Hour.

I hear in the chamber above me
The patter of little feet;
The sound of a door that is opened,
And voices soft and sweet.

From my study I see in the lamplight,
Descending the broad hall stair,
Grave Alice, and laughing Allegra,
And Edith, with golden hair.



A whisper, and then a silence :
Yet I know, by their merry eyes,
They are plotting and planning together
To take me by surprise.

A sudden rush from the stairway,
A sudden raid from the hall !
By three doors left unguarded
They enter my castle wall !

They climb up into my turret,
O'er the arms and back of my chair :
If I try to escape, they surround me ;
They seem to be everywhere !

They almost devour me with kisses ;
Their arms about me entwine ;
Till I think of the Bishop of Bingen,
In his Mouse Tower on the Rhine !

Do you think, O blue-eyed banditti,
Because you have scaled the wall,
Such an old mustache as I am
Is not a match for you all ?



I have you in my fortress,
And will not let you depart,
But put you down into the dungeons
In the round-tower of my heart.

And there I will keep you forever,
Yes, forever and a day,
Till the walls shall crumble to ruin,
And moulder in dust away.

H. W. Longfellow.





*Grant, O Lord! that we, thy sheep,
May this night in safety sleep.*



AN EVENING PRAYER.



LORD, thine eye is closed never;
When night casts o'er earth her
hood,

Thou remainest wakeful ever,
And art like a shepherd good,
Who, through every darksome hour,
Tends his flock with watchful power.

Grant, O Lord! that we, thy sheep,
May this night in safety sleep;
And when we again awake,
Give us strength our cross to take;
And to order all our ways
To thine honor and thy praise.

Or, if thou hast willed that I
Must before the morning die,
Into thy hands to the end
Soul and body I commend. Amen.

From the German.



LITTLE WHITE LILY.



LITTLE white Lily sat by a stone,
Drooping and waiting till the sun
shone.

Little white Lily sunshine has fed ;
Little white Lily is lifting her head.

Little white Lily said, "It is good ;
Little white Lily's clothing and food."
Little white Lily dressed like a bride !
Shining with whiteness, and crownéd beside !

Little white Lily droopeth with pain,
Waiting and waiting for the wet rain.
Little white Lily holdeth her cup ;
Rain is fast falling and filling it up.

Little white Lily said, "Good again,
When I am thirsty to have nice rain ;
Now I am stronger, now I am cool ;
Heat cannot burn me, my veins are so full."

—o—o—o—
Little white Lily smells very sweet;
On her head sunshine, rain at her feet.
“Thanks to the sunshine, thanks to the rain,
Little white Lily is happy again!”

G. Macdonald.

—G—G—G—
LITTLE EFFIE.



DARLING EFFIE! cherub child!

Tossing, in thy glee so wild,

Back upon thy forehead fair

All thy wealth of golden hair!

Racing, in thy merry glee,

Throwing kisses now on me,

Seeming like an angel bright,

From that heavenly land of light.

Darling Effie! cherub girl!

'Neath thy restless, tossing curl,

Peeps thy face so round and sweet,

That I often love to greet.



Now thy hand, so fair and white,
Passes o'er my wondering sight,
And, in measures soft and low,
Fall thy lisping words so low.

Father! guide my little one;
Lead her safely to thy home;
Free from care and earth's alarms,
Savior! fold her in thine arms.

Press her to thy loving breast;
Free from pain, oh, let her rest,
Till at last we meet above,
And join to sing redeeming love!

Carrie D. Brown





I WANT TO BE AN ANGEL.



WANT to be an angel,
And with the angels stand;
A crown upon my forehead,
And a harp within my hand.
Then, right before my Savior,
So glorious and so bright,
I'd make the sweetest music,
And praise him day and night.

I never should be weary,
Nor ever shed a tear,
Nor ever know a sorrow,
Nor ever feel a fear;
But blesséd, pure, and holy,
I'd dwell in Jesus' sight;
And with ten thousand thousand,
Praise him both day and night.



I know I'm weak and sinful,
But Jesus will forgive;
For many little children
Have gone to heaven to live!
Dear Savior, when I languish,
And lay me down to die,
Oh, send a shining angel,
To bear me to the sky!

Oh, there I'll be an angel,
And with the angels stand;
A crown upon my forehead,
A harp within my hand!
And there, before my Savior,
So glorious and so bright,
I'll join the heavenly music,
And praise him day and night.





EVENING HYMN.



ESUS, tender Shepherd, hear me ;
Bless thy little lamb to-night :
Through the darkness be thou
near me,

Watch my sleep till morning light.

All this day thy hand has led me,
And I thank thee for thy care ;
Thou hast clothed me, warmed and fed me :
Listen to my evening prayer.

Let my sins be all forgiven ;
Bless the friends I love so well ;
Take me, when I die, to heaven,
Happy there with thee to dwell.

Mary Lundie Duncan.



TEMPERANCE SONG.



ASKED a sweet robin, one morn-
ing in May,

Who sung in the apple-tree over
the way,

What 'twas she was singing so sweetly about,
For I'd tried a long time, but could not find
out.

"Why, I'm sure," she replied, "you cannot
guess wrong ;

Don't you know I am singing a Temperance
Song ?

Teetotal—Oh, that's the first word of my lay ;
And then don't you see how I twitter away ?

'Tis because I've just dipped my beak in the
spring,

And brushed the fair face of the lake with my
wing.



Cold water, cold water, yes, that is my song,
And I love to keep singing it all the day
long.

And now, my sweet miss, won't you give me
a crumb,

For the dear little nestlings are waiting at
home?

And one thing besides ; since my story you've
heard,

I hope you'll remember the lay of the bird ;
And never forget, while you list to my song,
All the birds to the Cold Water Army belong.

E. P. Hood.





WHAT IS THAT, MOTHER?



HAT is that, mother?"

"The lark, my child.

The morn has but just looked out
and smiled,

When he starts from his humble grassy nest,
And is up and away, with the dew on his
breast,

And a hymn in his heart to yon pure sphere,
To warble it out in his Maker's ear.

Ever, my child, be thy morn's first lays
Tuned, like the lark's, to thy Maker's praise."

"What is that, mother?"

"The dove, my son ;

And that low, sweet voice, like a widow's
moan,

Is flowing out from her gentle breast,
Constant and pure by that lonely nest,
As the wave is poured from some crystal urn,
For her distant dear one's quick return.

Ever, my son, be thou like the dove ;
In friendship as faithful, as constant in love."



"What is that, mother?"

"The eagle, boy,

Proudly careering his course with joy ;
Firm on his own mountain vigor relying,
Breasting the dark storm, the red bolt defying ;
His wing on the wind, and his eye on the
sun,

He swerves not a hair, but bears onward,
right on.

Boy, may the eagle's flight ever be thine, —
Onward, and upward, and true to the line."

"What is that, mother?"

"The swan, my love ;

He is floating down from his native grove.

No loved one now is nestling nigh ;

He is floating down by himself to die.

Death darkens his eye and unplumes his
wings,

Yet the sweetest song is the last he sings.

Live so, my child, that when death shall come,
Swan-like and sweet it may waft thee home."

Bishop Doane.





THE BETTER LAND.



WHITHER, pilgrims, are ye going,
Each with staff in hand?"
"We are going on a journey,
At the King's command;
Over plains and hills and valleys,
We are going to his palace
In the Better Land."

"Fear ye not the way so lonely, —
You, a feeble band?"
"No; for friends unseen are near us;
Angels round us stand:
Christ, our Leader, walks beside us; —
He will guide us — he will guard us
To the Better Land."



"Tell me, pilgrims, what you hope for
In the Better Land?"

"Spotless robes, and crowns of glory,
From a Savior's hand.

We shall drink of Life's clear river,
We shall dwell with God forever,
In the Better Land."

"Will you let me travel with you
To the Better Land?"

"Come away; we bid you welcome
To our little band.

Come, oh, come! we cannot leave you;
Christ is waiting to receive you
In the Better Land."

4





WEE WILLIE WINKIE.



WEE Willie Winkie
Runs through the town,
Up stairs and down stairs,
In his night-gown, —
Tapping at the window,
Crying at the lock,
“Are the weans in bed?
For it’s now ten o’clock.”

Hey! Willie Winkie,
Are you coming, then?
The cat’s singing purrie
To the sleeping hen;
The dog is lying on the floor,
And does not even peep;
But here’s a wakeful laddie
That will not fall asleep.



Anything but sleep, you rogue!
 Glowing like the moon!
 Rattling in an iron jug
 With an iron spoon;
 Rumbling, tumbling all about,
 Crowing like a cock;
 Screaming like I don't know what,
 Waking sleeping folk.

Hey! Willie Winkie,
 Can't you keep him still?
 Wriggling off a body's knee
 Like a very eel;
 Pulling at the cat's ear,
 As she drowsy hums—
 Hey, Willie Winkie,
 See!—there he comes!

Wearied is the mother
 That has a restless wean,—
 A wee, frumpy bairnie,
 Heard whene'er he's seen,—
 That has a battle aye with sleep
 Before he'll close an e'e;
 But a kiss from off his rosy lips
 Gives strength anew to me.



LEARN YOUR LESSON.



YOU'LL not learn your lesson by crying,
my man ;
You'll never come at it by crying,
my man ;
Not a word can you spy
For the tear in your eye ;
Then set your heart to it, for surely you can.

If you like your lesson, it's sure to like you ;
The words then so glibly would jump into
view,
Each one to its place
All the others would chase,
Till the laddie would wonder how clever he
grew !



You'll cry till you make yourself stupid and
blind,
And then not a word can you keep in your
mind;
But cheer up your heart,
And you'll soon have your part,
For all things grow easy when bairns are
inclined.

William Miller.



GOOD NIGHT.



ABY, Baby, lay your head
On your pretty little bed;
Shut your eye-peeps now the day
And the light are gone away.
All the clothes are tucked in tight, —
Little Baby, dear, good night.





SEVEN TIMES ONE.



HERE'S no dew left on the daisies
and clover ;
There's no rain left in heaven ;
I've said my "seven times" over and over, —
Seven times one are seven.

I am old — so old, I can write a letter ;
My birthday lessons are done ;
The lambs play always ; they know no better ;
They are only one times one.

O moon ! in the night I have seen you,
And shining so round and low ;
You were bright ! ah, bright, but your light
is failing ;
You are nothing now but a bow !



You moon, you have done something wrong
in heaven,

That God has hidden your face;
I hope, if you have, you will be forgiven,
And shine again in your place.

O velvet bee! you're a dusty fellow,
You've powdered your legs with gold;
O brave marshmary buds, rich and yellow!
Give me your money to hold.

O columbine! open your folded wrapper,
Where two twin turtle-doves dwell;
O cuckoo-pint, toll me the purple clapper.
That hangs in your clear green bell.

And show me your nest, with the young ones
in it;

I will not steal them away;
I am old! — you may trust me, linnet, linnet;
I am seven times one to-day.

Jean Ingelow.





THE BOY THAT LOVES A BABY.



OOD morning, little stranger!

Good morning, baby, dear!

Good morning, too, Mrs. Grain-
ger!

And what do you do here,
With your boxes, caps, and cap-strings,
Drowsy, hazard-hap things,
And love of good cheer?

I'm a little boy that goes, ma'am,
Straight to the point;
You said that my nose, ma'am,
Would soon be out of joint;
But my nose keeps its place, ma'am;
The middle of my face, ma'am;
It is a nose of grace, ma'am—
Aroint thee! aroint!



Good morning, little stranger!
A girl, or a boy?
Good morning, Mrs. Grainger —
Where are you, ma'am? ahoy!
Here's all things in their proper place,
And people likewise,
The laundry-maid in the copper-place,
The skylark in the skies!

Here's love for mamma,
And love for papa;
Here's a penny for a scavenger,
And a bag for blooming lavender,
And a rope for "Don't Care,"
And a kiss for the little baby,
And one for a pretty lady
With a diamond in her hair.

Lilliput Levee.





*The moon is lighting up the skies,
The stars are sparkling there.*



GOOD NIGHT.



HE sun is hidden from our sight,
The birds are sleeping sound ;
'Tis time to say to all, "Good
Night!"

And give a kiss all round.

Good Night, my father, mother, dear !

Now kiss your little son ;

Good Night, my friends, both far and near !

Good Night to every one.

Good Night, ye merry, merry birds !

Sleep well till morning light ;

Perhaps if you could sing in words

You would have said "Good Night!"



To all my pretty flowers, Good Night!
You blossom while I sleep;
And all the stars, that shine so bright,
With you their watches keep.

The moon is lighting up the skies,
The stars are sparkling there;
'Tis time to shut our weary eyes,
And say our evening prayer.

Mrs. Follen.





MY BEAUTIFUL HUNTRESS.



Y love is ruddy, my love is young ;
A silver horn to her neck is
hung ;

Her eyes are clear as running water,
And she is as proud as a prince's daughter.

Alone, on her pony, I saw her ride
One morning up to our country side ;
She came like a wind from out of a cloud ;—
You beautiful girl, you may well be proud !

She is sweeter than sweetbrier after rain,
But she went away like a wind again ;
She lifted her bugle ; her hair blew free ;
Dressed in Lincoln-green was she.



Oh, come like a wind of the sky once more,
You beautiful girl ! as you did before ;
Then pass like the wind ! and I have seen
My beautiful girl in the Lincoln-green.

And then when I kneel at my prayers at
night,
And tell my mother I saw the sight,
She smiles, and says that my thoughts run
wild,
And calls me her fanciful, foolish child !

Lilliput Levee.





CASABIANCA.

A TRUE STORY.



HE boy stood on the burning deck,
Whence all but he had fled;
The flame that lit the battle's
wreck
Shone round him o'er the dead.

The flames rolled on. He would not go
Without his father's word.
That father, faint in death below,
His voice no longer heard.

He called aloud: "Say, father, say
If yet my task is done!"
He knew not that the chieftain lay
Unconscious of his son.



"Speak, father," once again he cried,
"If I may yet be gone!"
And but the booming shots replied,
And fast the flames rolled on.

Upon his brow he felt their breath,
And in his waving hair,
And looked from that lone post of death
In still, yet brave despair, —

And shouted but once more aloud,
"My father! must I stay?"
While o'er him fast, through sail and shroud,
The wreathing fires made way.

They wrapt the ship in splendor wild,
They caught the flag on high,
And streamed above the gallant child
Like banners in the sky.

Then came a burst of thunder sound —
The boy — oh! where was he?
Ask of the winds, that far around,
With fragments strewed the sea —



With mast, and helm, and pennon fair,
 That well had borne their part:
 But the noblest thing that perished there
 Was that young, faithful heart.

Mrs. F. Hemans.



HOPE.



HE night is mother of the day;
 The winter of the spring,
 And ever upon old decay
 The greenest mosses cling.

Behind the cloud the starlight lurks;
 Through showers the sunbeams fall;
 For God, who loveth all his works,
 Has left his hope with all.

J. G. Whittier.





THE FOUNTAIN.



INTO the sunshine,
Full of light,
Leaping and flashing
From morn till night!

Into the moonlight,
Whiter than snow,
Waving so flower-like
When the winds blow!

Into the starlight
Rushing in spray;
Happy at midnight,
Happy by day!



Ever in motion,
Blithesome and cheery,
Still climbing heavenward,
Never weary.

Glad of all weathers,
Still seeming best,
Upward or downward
Motion thy rest.

Full of a nature
Nothing can tame;
Changed every moment;
Ever the same.

Ceaseless aspiring,
Ceaseless content,
Darkness or sunshine
Thy element.

Glorious Fountain!
Let my heart be
Fresh, changeful, constant,
Upward, like thee.

James Russell Lowell.



THE PRIDE OF YOUTH.



PROUD Maisie is in the wood,
Walking so early;
Sweet Robin sits on the bush
Singing so rarely.

'Tell me, thou bonnie bird?
When shall I marry me."
"When six braw gentlemen
Kirkward shall carry thee."

"Who makes the bridal bed?
Birdie, say, truly."
"The gray-headed sexton,
That delves the grave duly.

"The glow-worm o'er the grave and stone
Shall light thee steady;
The owl from the steeple sing,
Welcome, proud lady!"

Sir Walter Scott.

MARY'S LITTLE LAMB.



MARY had a little lamb ;
Its fleece was white as snow ;
And everywhere that Mary went,
The lamb was sure to go.

He followed her to school one day —
That was against the rule ;
It made the children laugh and play
To see a lamb in school.



So the teacher turned him out;
But still he lingered near,
And in the grass he played about
Till Mary did appear.

Then he ran to her, and laid
His head upon her arm,
As if he said, "I'm not afraid;
You'll keep me from all harm."

"What makes the lamb love Mary so?"
The eager children cry.
"Oh, Mary loves the lamb, you know,"
The teacher did reply.

And you each gentle animal
In confidence may bind,
And make them follow at your will
If you are only kind.

Songs for Children.





YOUNG LOCHINVAR.



H, young Lochinvar
Is come out of the West!
Through all the wide border
His steed is the best;
And, save his good broadsword,
He weapon had none;
He rode all unarmed,
And he rode all alone.
So faithful in love
And so dauntless in war,
There never was knight
Like the young Lochinvar!

He staid not for brake,
And he stopped not for stone;
He swam the Eske River
Where ford there was none;



But ere he alighted at Netherby gate
The bride had consented ;
The gallant came late ;
For a laggard in love
And a dastard in war
Was to wed the fair Ellen
Of brave Lochinvar.

So, bravely he entered
The Netherby Hall,
Among bridesmen, and kinsmen,
And brothers and all.
Then spake the bride's father,
His hand on his sword, —
For the poor craven bridegroom
Said never a word, —
"Oh, come ye in peace here,
Or come ye in war,
Or to dance at our bridal,
Young Lochinvar?"

"I long wooed your daughter ;
My suit you denied :
Love swells like the Solway,
But ebbs like its tide.



And now I am come,
With this lost love of mine,
To lead but one measure,
Drink one cup of wine.
There are maidens in Scotland
More lovely by far,
That would gladly be bride
To the young Lochinvar!"

The bride kissed the goblet,
The knight took it up;
He quaffed off the wine,
And he threw down the cup.
She looked down to blush,
And she looked up to sigh,
With a smile on her lip
And a tear in her eye.
He took her soft hand
Ere her mother could bar:
"Now tread we a measure!"
Said young Lochinvar.

So stately his form
And so lovely her face,
That never a hall
Such a galliard did grace;



While her mother did fret
And her father did fume,
And the bridegroom stood dangling
His bonnet and plume;
And the bride-maidens whispered,
" 'Twere better by far
To have matched our fair cousin
To young Lochinvar."

One touch to her hand,
And one word to her ear,
When they reached the hall door;
And the charger stood near;—
So light to the croup
The fair lady he swung,
So light to the saddle
Before her he sprung!
"She is won! we are gone,
Over bank, bush, and scaur,—
They'll have fleet steeds that follow!"
Cried young Lochinvar.

There was mounting 'mong grooms
Of the Netherby clan;
Forsters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves,
They rode and they ran;



There was racing and chasing
On Canobie lea ;
But the lost bride of Netherby
Ne'er did they see.
So daring in love
And so dauntless in war,
Have ye e'er heard of gallant
Like young Lochinvar?

Sir Walter Scott.



SPRING-TIME.



HE cock is crowing,
The stream is flowing,
The small birds twitter,
The lake doth glitter,
The green field sleeps in the sun;
The oldest and youngest
Are at work with the strongest;
The cattle are grazing,
Their heads never raising;
There are forty feeding like one!

Like an army defeated
The snow hath retreated,
And now doth fare ill
On the top of the bare hill;
The ploughboy is whooping anon, anon,
There's joy in the mountains;
There's life in the fountains;
Small clouds are sailing,
Blue clouds prevailing;
The rain is over and gone!

W. Wordsworth.



BABY AND MAMMA.



WHAT a little thing am I!
Hardly higher than the table;
I can eat, and play, and cry,
But to work I am not able.

Nothing in the world I know,
But mamma will try and show me;
Sweet mamma! I love her so,
She is so very kind unto me.

And she sets me on her knee,
Very often, for some kisses;
Oh! how good I'll try to be,
For such a dear mamma as this is!



POLLY.



BROWN eyes, straight nose;
Dirt pies, rumpled clothes.

Torn books, spoilt toys;
Arch looks, unlike a boy's;

Little rages, obvious arts;
(Three her age is), cakes, tarts;

Falling down off chairs;
Breaking crown down stairs;

Catching flies on the pane;
Deep sighs — cause not plain;

Bribing you with kisses
For a few farthing blisses.



*Folded hands, saying prayers ;
Understands not, nor cares ;
Thinks it odd ; smiles away ;
Yet may God hear her pray !*



Wide awake ; as you hear,
" Mercy's sake, quiet, dear ! "

New shoes, new frock ;
Vague views of what's o'clock

When it's time to go to bed,
And scorn sublime for what's said.

Folded hands, saying prayers ;
Understands not, nor cares ;

Thinks it odd ; smiles away ;
Yet may God hear her pray !

Bed-gown white, kiss Dolly ;
Good night ! that's Polly.

Fast asleep, as you see ;
Heaven keep my girl for me !

Lilliput Levee.





THE LITTLE BABY.



HAT is this pretty little thing,
The nurse so carefully doth bring,
And round its head her apron
fling?

A Baby.

Oh, dear! how very soft its cheek!
Why, nurse, I cannot make it speak,
And it can't walk, it is so weak,
Poor Baby.

Here, take a bit, you little dear;
I have nice cake and sweetmeats here;
'Tis very nice; you need not fear,
You Baby.



Oh! I'm afraid that it will die;
Why can't it eat as well as I,
And jump and talk? Do let it try,
Poor Baby.

Why, you were once a baby too,
And could not jump as now you do,
But good mamma took care of you,
Like Baby.

And then she taught your pretty feet
To pat along the carpet neat,
And call papa to come and meet
His Baby.

Oh! *dear* mamma, to take such care,
And no kind pains and trouble spare
To feed and nurse you when you were
A Baby!





GIVE.



SEE the rivers flowing
Downward to the sea,
Pouring all their treasures
Bountiful and free !
Yet, to help their giving,
Hidden springs arise ;
Or, if need be, showers
Feed them from the skies.

Watch the princely flowers
Their rich fragrance spread ;
Load the air with perfumes
From their beauty shed ;
Yet their lavish spending
Leaves them not in dearth,
With fresh life replenished
By their mother earth.



Give thy heart's best treasures;
From fair Nature learn;
Give thy love, and ask not,
Wait not, a return.
And the more thou spendest
From thy little store,
With a double bounty
God will give thee more.

Adelaide A. Proctor.





CHRISTMAS SONG.



WHAT shall we bring
Unto our King
For a Christmas offering?
A breast where love,
Like a brooding dove,
Makes earth like heaven to prove.

What shall we bring
Unto our King
For a Christmas offering?
Ring out a chime,
Through every clime,
To tell that this is Christ's own time.

This shall we bring
Unto our King,
For a Christmas offering:
Good-will increase,
And all strife cease,
And every heart be filled with peace.

Julie Leonard.



ROCK ME TO SLEEP.



BACKWARD — turn backward, O
Time! in your flight:
Make me a child again just for
to-night!

Mother, come back from the echoless shore;
Take me again to your heart as of yore;
Kiss from my forehead the furrows of care;
Smooth the few silver threads out of my hair;
Over my slumbers your loving watch keep;
Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep!

Backward, flow backward, O tide of the
years!

I am so weary of toils and of tears, —
Toil without recompense, tears all in vain;
Take them, and give me my childhood again!
I have grown weary of dust and decay;
Weary of flinging my soul-wealth away;
Weary of sowing for others to reap;
Rock me to sleep again, rock me to sleep!



Over my heart in the days that are flown,
No love like mother-love ever has shone ;
No other worship abides and endures,
Faithful, unselfish, and patient, like yours.
None like a mother can charm away pain
From the sick soul and the world-weary
brain ;

Slumber's soft calm o'er my heavy lids creep :
Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep !

Come, let your brown hair, just lighted with
gold,

Fall on your shoulders again as of old ;
Let it fall over my forehead to-night,
Shading my faint eyes away from the light ;
For, with its sunny-edged shadows once more,
Haply will throng the sweet visions of yore.
Lovingly, softly, its bright billows sweep ;
Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep.

Clasped to your arms in a loving embrace,
With your light lashes just sweeping my face,
Never hereafter to wake or to weep,
Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep !

Mrs. Akers.



THE MOUNTAIN TORRENT.



AIR streamlet, running
Where violets grow,
Under the elm trees,
Murmuring low ;
Rippling gently
Amid the grass,
I have a fancy,
As I pass ; —

I have a fancy as I see
The trailing willows kissing thee ;
As I behold the daisies pied,
The harebells nodding at thy side ;
The sheep that feed upon thy brink,
The birds that stoop thy wave to drink ;
Thy blooms that tempt the bees to stray,
And all the life that tracks thy way.



*Fair streamlet, running where violets grow,
Under the elm trees, murmuring low.*



I deem thou flowest
Through grassy meads,
To show the beauty
Of gentle deeds ;
To show how happy
The world might be
If man, observant,
Copied thee ;
To show how small a stream may pour
Verdure and beauty on either shore ;
To teach what humble men might do,
If their lives were pure, and their hearts were
true ;
And what a wealth they might dispense,
In modest, calm beneficence,
Marking their course, as thou dost thine,
By wayside flowers of love divine.

Charles Mackay.





SLEEPING AND WATCHING.



SLEEP on, Baby, on the floor,
Tired of all the playing !
Sleep the sweeter for the smile
That you dropped away in !

On your curls' full roundness stand
Golden lights serenely ;
One cheek, pushed out by the hand,
Folds the dimple inly.

Little head and little foot,
Heavy laid for pleasure ;
Underneath the lids, half shut,
Slants the shining azure.

Open-soul in noonday sun,
Sô you lie and slumber !
Nothing evil having done,
Nothing can encumber.



I, who cannot sleep as well,
Shall I sigh to view you?
Or, sigh further to foretell
All that may undo you?

Nay, keep smiling, little child,
Ere the sorrow neareth;
I will smile too! Patience mild
Pleasure's token weareth.

Nay, keep sleeping before loss;
I shall sleep though losing!
As by cradle, so by cross,
Sure is the reposing.

Mrs. E. B. Browning.





ANNABEL LEE.



T was many and many a year ago,
In a kingdom by the sea,
That a maiden there lived,
Whom you may know
By the name of Annabel Lee;
And this maiden she lived
With no other thought
Than to love and be loved by me.

I was a child, and *she* was a child,
In this kingdom by the sea;
But we loved with a love
That was more than love —
I and my Annabel Lee; —
With a love that the winged
Seraphs of heaven
Coveted her and me.



And this was the reason that long ago,
In this kingdom by the sea,
A wind blew out of a cloud,
Chilling my beautiful Annabel Lee;
So that her high-born kinsman came,
And took her away from me,
To shut her up in a sepulchre,
In this kingdom by the sea.

The angels, not half so happy in heaven,
Went envying her and me—
Yes! — that was the reason (as all men
know,
In this kingdom by the sea),
That the wind came out of the cloud by night,
Chilling and killing my Annabel Lee.

But our love it was stronger by far than the
love
Of those that were older than we —
Of many far wiser than we —
And neither the angels in heaven above,
Nor the demons down under the sea,
Can ever dissever my soul from the soul
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee.



For the moon never beams
Without bringing me dreams
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee ;
And the stars never rise,
But I see the bright eyes
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee.
And so, all the night-tide,
I lie down by the side
Of my darling — my darling —
My life and my pride,
In her sepulchre there by the sea —
In her tomb by the sounding sea.

Edgar A. Poe.





THE MAY QUEEN.



I.



YOU must wake and call me early,
Call me early, mother dear;
To-morrow will be the happiest
time

Of all the glad New Year!
Of all the glad New Year, mother,
The maddest, merriest day,
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother,
I'm to be Queen o' the May.



II.

There's many a black, black eye, they say,
But none so black as mine;
There's Margaret and Mary,
There's Kate and Caroline,
But none so fair as little Alice,
In all the land, they say!
So I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother,
I'm to be Queen o' the May.

III.

I sleep so sound all night, mother,
That I shall never wake
If you do not call me loud,
When the day begins to break;
But I must gather knots of flowers,
And buds and garlands gay,
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother,
I'm to be Queen o' the May.

IV.

As I came up the valley,
Whom think ye I should see,
But Robin, leaning on the bridge,
Beneath the hazel tree?



He thought of that sharp look, mother,
I gave him yesterday ;
But I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother,
I'm to be Queen o' the May.

v.

He thought I was a ghost, mother, '
For I was all in white,
And I ran by him without speaking,
Like a flash of light. .
They call me cruel-hearted,
But I care not what they say,
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother,
I'm to be Queen o' the May.

vi.

They say he's dying all for love —
But that can never be :
They say his heart is breaking, mother —
What is that to me ?
There's many a bolder lad 'll woo me
Any summer day ;
And I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother,
I'm to be Queen o' the May.



VII.

Little Effie shall go with me,
To-morrow, to the green,
And you'll be there, too, mother,
To see me made the Queen.
For the shepherd lads on every side
Will come from far away,
And I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother,
I'm to be Queen o' the May.

VIII.

The honeysuckle round the porch
Has woven its wavy bowers,
And by the meadow trenches blow
The faint, sweet cuckoo-flowers;
And the wild marsh-marigold shines like fire
In swamps and hollows gray,
And I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother,
I'm to be Queen o' the May.

IX.

The night winds come and go, mother,
Upon the meadow grass,
And the happy stars above them seem
To brighten as they pass.



There will not be a drop of rain
The whole of the livelong day,
And I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother,
I'm to be Queen o' the May.

X.

All the valley, mother, 'll be fresh,
And green, and still,
And the cowslip and the crowfoot
Are over all the hill ;
And the rivulet in the flowery dell
Will merrily glance and play,
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother,
I'm to be Queen o' the May.

XI.

So you must wake and call me early,
Call me early, mother, dear,
To-morrow 'll be the happiest time
Of all the glad New Year ;
To-morrow 'll be, of all the year,
The maddest, merriest day,
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother,
I'm to be Queen o' the May.

Tennyson.



THE FATHER'S KNEE.



Oh, happy is the mother
Of each little pet,
Who has a happy father,
By the fire set,
With wee tottum sleeping
'Neath its mother's e'e,
Another tottum creeping
Up its father's knee.
Aye rocking, rocking,
Aye rocking ree —
Pulling at his stocking,
Climbing up his knee.



Though our wee bit housie
Few there be that know,
Happy we, and cosie,
Round about it go.
Though for seats so scanty,
Bairns cannot agree,
They cuddle all so ranty
On their father's knee.
They 're aye wink — winking,
With a sleeping e'e,
Or aye jink — jinking
Round their father's knee.

Though the sunlight shining
Scarce glints on the wall,
There is ne'er repining
By our firelight small.
And bright the rays of glory,
Streaming down we see,
When the good grandsire hoary
Bends his aged knee.
Both the parents kneeling
By their totts so wee, —
Holy is the feeling
Offered on the knee.



I wonder if in palace,
Or in lordly hall,
Their hearts are all as hale as
In our cot so small;
If the Royal Mother
Can her lassies see,
Cuddling their wee brother
On their father's knee!
What to her kind bosie
Are her kingdoms three,
Unless her totts are cosie
On their father's knee?

James Ballantyne.





CREEP BEFORE YOU WALK.



CREEP away, my bairnie,
Creep before you gang;
Listen with both your ears
To your old granny's sang;
If you go as far as I,
You will think the road lang;
Creep away, my bairnie,
Creep before you gang.

Creep away, my bairnie;
You're too young to learn
To tot up and down yet,
My bonnie wee bairn;
Better creeping, careful,
Than falling with a bang,
Hurting all your wee brow, —
Creep before you gang.



The little birdie falls

When it tries too soon to fly ;
Folks are sure to tumble

When they climb too high.
Those who do not walk aright
Are sure to come to wrong ;
Creep away my bairnie,
Creep before you gang.

James Ballantyne.





GOD IS GOOD.



SEE the morning sunbeams
Lighting up the wood,
Silently proclaiming,
"God is ever good!"

Hear the mountain streamlet,
In the solitude,
With its ripple, saying,
"God is ever good!"

In the leafy tree-tops,
Where no fears intrude,
Merry birds are singing,
"God is ever good!"

Bring, my heart, thy tribute, —
Songs of gratitude;
While all Nature utters,
"God is ever good!"

Anon.



LONGING.



OF all the myriad moods of mind,
That through the soul come
thronging,
Which one was e'er so dear, so kind,
So beautiful as Longing?

The thing we long for, *that* we are,
For one transcendent moment,
Before the present, poor and bare,
Can make its sneering comment.

Still, through our paltry stir and strife,
Glows down the wished Ideal,
And Longing moulds in clay what Life
Carves in the marble Real;



To let new life in, we know,
Desire must ope the portal ; —
Perhaps the Longing to be so
Helps make the soul immortal.

Longing is God's fresh heavenward will,
With our poor earthward striving ;
We quench it that we may be still,
Content with only living.

But would we learn that heart's full scope
Which we are hourly wronging,
Our lives must climb from hope to hope,
And realize our Longing.

Ah ! let us hope that to our praise
Good God not only reckons
The moments when we tread his ways,
But when the spirit beckons, —

That some slight good is also wrought
Beyond self-satisfaction,
When we are simply good in thought,
Howe'er we fail in action.

James Russell Lowell.



THE BABY.



ANOTHER little wave
Upon the sea of life;
Another soul to save
Amid its toil and strife.

Two more little feet
To walk the dusty road;
To choose where two paths meet,
The narrow and the broad.

Two more little hands
To work for good or ill;
Two more little eyes,
Another little will.

Another heart to love,
Receiving love again;
And so the Baby came,
A thing of joy and pain.

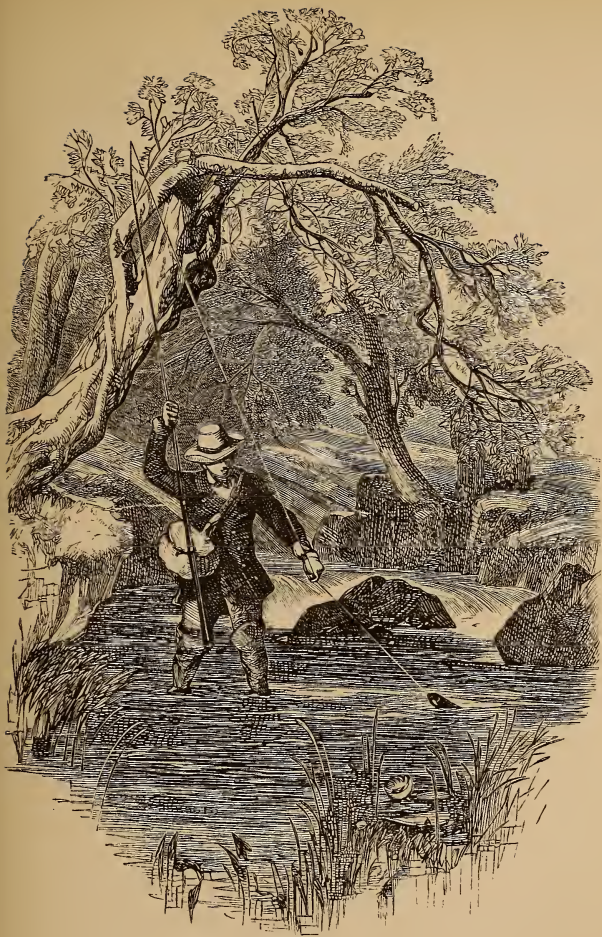
Mrs. Lucy E. Akerman.



GREEN RIVER.



WHEN breezes are soft and skies are
fair,
I steal an hour from study and
care,
And hie me away to the woodland scene,
Where wanders the stream with waters of
green,
As if the bright fringe of herbs on its brink
Had given their stain to the wave they drink ;
And they whose meadows it murmurs through
Have named the stream from its own fair hue.
Yet pure its waters — its shallows are bright
With colored pebbles, and sparkles of light,
And clear the depths where its eddies play
And dimples deepen and whirl away,
And the plane-tree's speckled arms o'ershoot
The swifter current that mines its root,



*Lonely — save when, by thy rippling tides,
From thicket to thicket the angler glides.*



Through whose shifting leaves, as you walk
the hill

The quivering glimmer of sun and rill,
With a sudden flash on the eye is thrown,
Like the ray that streams from the diamond-
stone,

Oh, loveliest there the spring days come,
With blossoms, and birds, and wild bees'
hum ;

The flowers of summer are fairest there,
And freshest the breath of the summer air ;
And sweetest the golden autumn day
In silence and sunshine glides away.
Yet fair as thou art, thou shunnest to glide,
Beautiful stream ! by the village side,
But windest away from the haunts of men,
To the quiet valley and shaded glen ;
And forest, and meadow, and slope of hill,
Around thee, are lonely, lovely, and still, —
Lonely — save when, by thy rippling tides,
From thicket to thicket the angler glides ;
Or the simpler comes, with basket and book,
For herbs of power on thy banks to look ;
Or, haply, some idle dreamer, like me,
To wander, and muse, and gaze on thee.

Still — save the chirp of birds that feed
 On the river cherry, and seedy reed,
 And thine own wild music gushing out
 With mellow murmur or fairy shout,
 From dawn to the blush of another day,
 Like traveller singing on his way.

William Cullen Bryant.

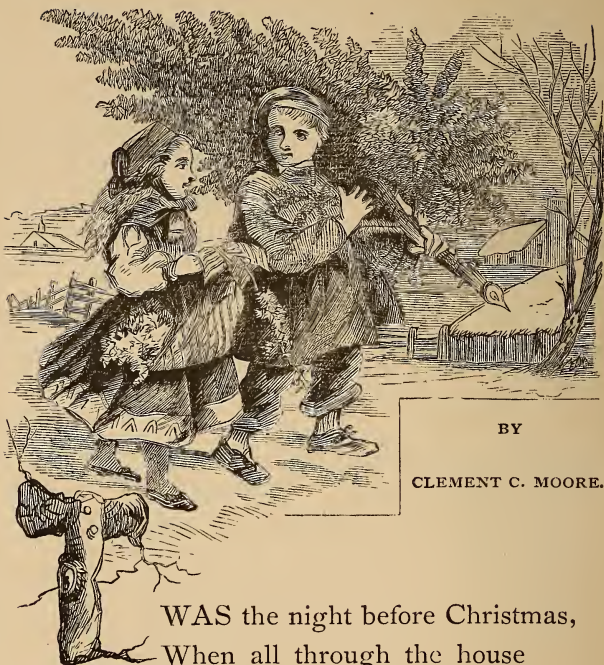
TO THE LARK.



IN the sun's bright gold,
 O'er mountain and wold
 Thy gladsome song doth ring,
 As thou fliest free
 Through the azure sea,
 Cooling thy airy wing.

Where the light cloud soars,
 Where the torrent pours,
 Canst thou flit o'er the mountain's brow ;
 Then down at a bound,
 From the sky to the ground —
 Oh, a glorious life hast thou !

A VISIT OF SANTA CLAUS.



BY

CLEMENT C. MOORE.

WAS the night before Christmas,
When all through the house
Not a creature was stirring,
Not even a mouse; —

The stockings were hung
By the chimneys with care,
In hopes that St. Nicholas
Soon would be there.



The children were nestled
All snug in their beds,
While visions of sugar-plums,
Danced through their heads; —

And mamma in her kerchief,
And I in my cap,
Had just settled our brains,
For a long winter's nap, —

When out on the lawn
There arose such a clatter,
I sprang from the bed
To see what was the matter.

Away to the window
I flew like a flash,
Tore open the shutters,
And threw up the sash.

The moon on the breast
Of the new-fallen snow,
Gave the lustre of mid-day
To objects below, —



When, what to my wondering
Eyes should appear,
But a miniature sleigh
And eight tiny reindeer,—

With a little old driver,
So lively and quick,
I knew, in a moment,
It must be St. Nick!

More rapid than eagles
His coursers they came,
And he whistled, and shouted,
And called them by name:—

“Now, Dasher! now, Dancer!
Now, Prancer! now, Vixen!—
On, Comet! on, Cupid!
On, Donder and Blixen!—

“To the top of the porch!
To the top of the wall!
Now, dash away, dash away,
Dash away, all!”



As leaves that before
The wild hurricane fly,
When they meet with
An obstacle, mount to the sky,—

So up to the house-top
The coursers they flew,
With the sleigh full of toys,
And St. Nicholas too.

And then, in a twinkling,
I heard on the roof
The prancing and pawing
Of each little hoof.

As I drew in my head,
And was turning around,
Down the chimney St. Nicholas
Came with a bound.

He was dressed all in fur,
From his head to his foot,
And his clothes were all tarnished
With ashes and soot.



A bundle of toys he had
Flung on his back,
And he looked like a pedler
Just opening his pack

His eyes — how they twinkled!
His dimples — how merry!
His cheeks were like roses,
His nose like a cherry.

His droll little mouth
Was drawn up like a bow,
And the beard on his chin
Was as white as the snow.

The stump of a pipe he held
Tight in his teeth,
And the smoke, it encircled
His head like a wreath!

He had a broad face,
And a little round belly,
That shook, when he laughed,
Like a bowl full of jelly.



He was chubby and plump,
A right jolly old elf;
And I laughed, when I saw him,
In spite of myself.

A wink of his eye,
And a twist of his head,
Soon gave me to know
I had nothing to dread.

He spake not a word,
But went straight to his work,
And filled all the stockings;
Then turned, with a jerk, —

And laying his finger
Aside of his nose,
And giving a nod,
Up the chimney he rose!

He sprang to his sleigh,
To his team gave a whistle,
And away they all flew,
Like the down of the thistle.

But I heard him exclaim,
Ere he drove out of sight,
"Happy Christmas to all,
And to all a good night!"

INDUSTRY.



GATHER the roses while they bloom ;
Never lose a day,
Nor in sloth one hour consume, —
Time doth pass away.

Now you've opportunity
Both for work and play ;
Where may you to-morrow be? —
Time doth pass away.

Men have mourned their whole life through
One good deed's delay ;
Do at once what you've to do, —
Time doth pass away.

From the German.



BABY'S LETTER TO UNCLE.



DEAR old uncle, I dot oor letter :
My dear mamma, she ditten better ;

She every day little bit stronger ;
Don't mean to be sick very much longer.
Dear little Baby had a bad colic ;
Had to take three drops nassy palagolic.
Toot a dose of tatnip ; felt worse as ever ;
Shan't take no more tatnip never !
Wind on stomit, felt pooty bad ;
Worse fit of sickness ever I had !
Ever had stomit ate, ole uncle Bill ?
Ain't no fun now, say what oo will.
I used to sleep all day, and cry all night ;
Don't do it now, cause tain't yite.
Got a head of hair jess as black as night ;
And big boo eyes, yat look very bright.



My mamma say, never did see
Any ozzer Baby half as sweet as me.
Grandma come often, aunt Sarah, too;
Baby loves zem, Baby loves oo.
Baby sends a pooty kiss to his uncles all,
Aunties and cousins, big folks and small.
Can't yite no more, so dood by.
From little Baby, wiz a boo eye.

Harper's Weekly.





RAIN IN SUMMER.

HOW beautiful is the rain!
After the dust and heat,
In the broad, fiery street,
In the narrow lane,
How beautiful is the rain!

How it clatters along the roofs,
Like the tramp of hoofs!
How it gushes and struggles out
From the throat of the overflowing spout!
Across the window-pane
It pours and it pours;
And swift and wide,
With a muddy tide,
Like a river down the gutter roars,
The rain, the welcome rain!



The sick man from his chamber looks
At the twisted brooks;
He can feel the cool
Breath of each little pool;
The fevered brain
Grows calm again,
And he breathes a blessing on the rain.

From the neighboring school
Come the boys,
With more than their wonted noise
And commotion;
And down the wet streets
Sail their mimic fleets,
Till the treacherous pool
Ingulfs them in its whirling
And turbulent ocean.

In the country, on every side,
Where, far and wide,
Like a leopard's tawny and spotted hide,
Stretches the plain,
To the dry grass, and the dryer grain,
How welcome is the rain!



In the furrowed land
The toilsome and patient oxen stand;
Lifting the yoke-encumbered head,
With their dilated nostrils spread,
They silently inhale
The clover-scented gale,
And the vapors that arise
From the well-watered and smoking soil.
For this rest in the furrow after toil,
Their large and lustrous eyes
Seem to thank the Lord,
More than man's spoken word.

Near at hand,
From under the sheltering trees,
The farmer sees
His pastures, and his fields of grain,
As they bend their tops
To the numberless beating drops
Of the incessant rain.
He counts it as no sin,
That he sees therein
Only his own thrift and gain.

These, and far more than these,
The Poet sees!



He can behold
Aquarius old,
Walking the fenceless field of the air,
And from each ample fold
Of the clouds about him rolled,
Scattering everywhere
The showery rain,
As the farmer scatters his grain.
He can behold
Things manifold,
That have not yet been wholly told,
Have not been wholly sung or said.
For his thought, that never stops,
Follows the water-drops
Down to the graves of the dead,
Down through the chasms and gulfs profound,
To the dreary fountain-head
Of lakes and rivers, under ground;
And sees them, when the rain is done,
On the bridge of colors seven,
Climbing up once more to heaven,
Opposite the setting sun.

Thus the Seer,
With vision clear,



Sees forms appear and disappear
In the perpetual round of strange
Mysterious change
From birth to death, from death to birth,
From earth to heaven, from heaven to earth ;
Till glimpses more sublime
Of things, unseen before,
Unto his wondering eyes reveal
The Universe, as an immeasurable wheel,
Turning forevermore
In the rapid and rushing river of Time.

Henry W. Longfellow.





DEEDS OF KINDNESS.



SUPPOSE the little cowslip
Should hang its little cup,
And say, "I'm such a tiny flower,
I'd better not grow up."
How many a weary traveller
Would miss its fragrant smell!
How many a little child would grieve
To lose it from the dell!

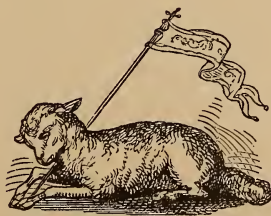
Suppose the glistening dew-drops
Upon the grass should say,
"What can a little dew-drop do?
I'd better roll away."
The blade on which it rested,
Before the day was done,
Without a drop to moisten it
Would wither in the sun.



Suppose the little breezes,
Upon a summer's day,
Should think themselves too small to cool
The traveller on his way ;
Who would not miss the smallest
And softest ones that blow,
And think they made a great mistake
If they were talking so?

How many deeds of kindness
A little child may do,
Although it has so little strength,
And little wisdom too !
It needs a loving spirit,
Much more than strength, to prove,
How many things a child may do
For others by its love.

Songs for Children.





MY DOLLY.



HIS is her picture — Dolladine —
The most beautiful doll that ever
was seen !

Oh, what nosegays ! Oh, what sashes !
Oh, what beautiful eyes and lashes !

Oh, what a precious, perfect pet !
On each instep a pink rosette ;
Little blue shoes for her little blue tots ;
Elegant ribbons in bows and knots.

Her hair is powdered, her arms are straight :
Only feel — she is quite a weight !
Her legs are limp, though — stand up, Miss !
What a beautiful, rosy-lipped mouth to kiss !

Lilliput Levee.



*This is her picture — Dolladine —
The most beautiful doll that ever was seen !*



YOUR MISSION.



If you cannot, on the ocean,
Sail among the swiftest fleet,
Rocking on the highest billows,
Laughing at the storms you meet,
You can stand among the sailors,
Anchored yet within the bay;
You can lend a hand to help them,
As they launch their boat away.

If you are too weak to journey
Up the mountain, steep and high,
You can stand within the valley,
While the multitudes go by;
You can chant in happy measure,
As they slowly pass along;
Though they may forget the singer,
They will not forget the song.



If you have not gold and silver
 Ever ready to command;
 If you cannot toward the needy
 Reach an ever open hand;
 You can visit the afflicted,
 O'er the erring you can weep;
 You can be a true disciple,
 Sitting at the Savior's feet.

If you cannot, in the harvest,
 Garner up the richest sheaves,
 Many a grain, both ripe and golden,
 Will the careless reapers leave;
 Go and glean among the briers,
 Growing rank against the wall,
 For it may be that their shadow
 Hides the heaviest wheat of all.

If you cannot, in the conflict,
 Prove yourself a soldier true—
 If, where fire and smoke are thickest,
 There's no work for you to do;
 When the battle-field is silent,
 You can go, with silent tread;
 You can bear away the wounded,
 You can cover up the dead.



Do not, then, stand idly waiting
For some greater work to do;
Fortune is a lazy goddess —
She will never come to you.
Go and toil in any vineyard;
Do not fear to do or dare;
If you want a field of labor,
You can find it anywhere.

Ellen H. Gates.





THE RIVULET.



UN, little rivulet, run !

Summer is fairly begun ;

Bear to the meadow the hymn of
the pines,

And the echo that rings where the water-
fall shines ;

Run, little rivulet, run !

Run, little rivulet, run !

Sing to the fields of the sun,

That wavers in emerald, shimmers in gold,
Where you glide from your ravine crystal-
cold ;

Run, little rivulet, run !



Run, little rivulet, run !
Sing of the flowers, every one —
Of the delicate harebell, and violet blue ;
Of the red mountain rose-bud, all dripping
with dew ;
Run, little rivulet, run !

Run, little rivulet, run !
Carry the perfume you won
From the lily, that woke
When the morning was gray,
To the white, waiting moonbeam adrift on
the bay ;
Run, little rivulet, run !

Run, little rivulet, run !
Stay not till summer is done !
Carry to city the mountain bird's glee ;
Carry the joy of the hills to the sea ;
Run, little rivulet, run !

Lucy Larcom.





A LULLABY.



LEEP, Baby, sleep;

Thy father watches his sheep;

Thy mother is shaking the dream-

land tree,

And down falls a little dream on thee:

Sleep, Baby, sleep.

Sleep, Baby, sleep;

The large stars are the sheep;

The little stars are the lambs, I guess,

And the bright moon is the shepherdess:

Sleep, Baby, sleep.

Sleep, Baby, sleep;

Thy Savior loves his sheep;

He is the Son of God on high,

Who for our sakes came down to die:

Sleep, Baby, sleep.



Sleep, Baby, sleep;
 The morning light will peep;
 The sun will come to see my dear,
 The birds will sing his heart to cheer:
 Sleep, Baby, sleep.

From the German.



THE RECONCILIATION.



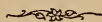
AS through the land at eve we went,
 And plucked the ripened ears,
 We fell out, my wife and I;
 Oh, we fell out, I know not why,
 And kissed again with tears.

For, when we came where lies the child
 We lost in other years,
 There, above the little grave,
 Oh, there above the little grave,
 We kissed again with tears.

Alfred Tennyson.



LABOR.



PAUSE not to dream of the future
before us ;

Pause not to weep the wild cares
that come o'er us ;

Hark, how Creation's deep, musical chorus,
Unintermitting, goes up to heaven !

Never the ocean wave falters in flowing ;
Never the little seed stops in its growing ;
More and more richly
The rose-heart keeps glowing,
Till from its nourishing stem it is riven.

"Labor is worship !" the robin is singing ;
"Labor is worship !" the wild bee is ringing ;
Listen ! that eloquent whisper, upspringing,
Speaks to my soul
From out Nature's great heart ;
From the dark cloud
Flows the life-giving shower ;
From the rough sod
Blows the soft breathing flower ;



From the small insect,
The rich coral bower;
Only man, in the plan,
Shrinks from his part.

Labor is life! 'Tis the still water faileth;
Idleness ever despaireth, bewaileth;
Keep the watch wound,
For the dark rust assaileth!
Flowers droop and die in the stillness of
noon.

Labor is glory! the flying cloud lightens;
Only the waving wing changes and brightens;
Idle hearts only the dark future frightens:
Play the sweet keys
Wouldst thou keep them in tune!

Labor is rest
From the sorrows that greet us;
Rest from all petty
Vexations that meet us;
Rest from sin-promptings
That ever entreat us;
Rest from world-sirens that lure us to ill.



Work — and pure slumbers
Shall wait on thy pillow ;
Work — thou shalt ride
Over Care's coming billow.
Lie not down wearied
'Neath Woe's weeping willow !
Work with a stout heart
And a resolute will !

Droop not, though shame, sin,
And anguish are round thee !
Bravely fling off
The cold chain that hath bound thee !
Look to yon Heaven smiling beyond thee.
Rest not content in thy darkness — a clod !
Work for some good, be it ever so slowly ;
Cherish some flower, be it ever so lowly
Labor ! All labor is noble and holy :
Let thy great deeds be thy prayer to thy
God !

Mrs F. S. Osgood.





THE BAREFOOT BOY.



BLESSINGS on thee, little man —
Barefoot Boy, with cheek of tan !
With thy turned up pantaloons,
And thy merry whistled tunes ;
With thy red lip, redder still
Kissed by strawberries on the hill ;
With the sunshine on thy face,
Through thy torn brim's jaunty grace :
From my heart I give thee joy —
I was once a Barefoot Boy !
Prince thou art — the grown up man
Only is Republican.
Let the million-dollared ride !
Barefoot, trudging at his side,
Thou hast more than he can buy
In the reach of ear and eye —
Outward sunshine, inward joy ; —
Blessings on thee, Barefoot Boy



Oh for boyhood's painless play,
Sleep that wakes in laughing day,
Health that mocks the doctor's rules,
Knowledge never learned in schools;
Of the wild-bee's morning chase,
Of the wild-flower's time and place;
Flight of fowl, and habitude
Of the tenants of the wood;
How the tortoise bears his shell,
How the woodchuck digs his cell,
And the ground-mole sinks his well;
How the robin feeds her young,
How the oriole's nest is hung;
Where the whitest lilies blow,
Where the freshest berries grow;
Where the ground-nut trails his vine,
Where the wood-grape's clusters shine;
Of the black wasp's cunning way,
Mason of his walls of clay;
Of the architectural plans
Of gray-hornet artisans! —
For, eschewing books and tasks,
Nature answers all he asks;
Hand in hand with her he walks,
Face to face with her he talks,



Part and parcel of her joy.
Blessings on thee, Barefoot Boy!

Cheerily, then, my little man,
Live and laugh as boyhood can!
Though the flinty slopes be hard,
Stubble-speared the new mown sward,
Every morn shall lead thee through
Fresh baptism of the dew;
Every evening, from thy feet,
Shall the cool wind kiss the heat:
All too soon these feet must hide
In the prison cells of pride,
Lose the freedom of the sod—
Like a colt's, for work be shod.
Happy if their track be found
Never on forbidden ground;
Happy if they sink not in
Quick and treacherous sands of sin.
Ah! that thou couldst know thy joy,
Ere it passes, Barefoot Boy!

J. G. Whittier.





A CRADLE ELEGY.



ABY, sleep on mother's arm,
Safe from danger, safe from harm ;
Buzzing flies shall not annoy, —
Mother's love shall guard her boy.

One doth watch for thee and me —
Child and mother guardeth He ;
Men and children, great and small,
Keep in His protection all.

Baby, sleep on mother's arm,
Safe from danger, safe from harm ;
Buzzing flies shall not annoy, —
Mother's love shall guard her boy.

From the German.



PRINCE PHILLIBERT.



H, who loves Prince Phillibert?
Who but myself?
His foot's in the stirrup,
His book's on the shelf;
His dapple-gray Dobbin
Attends to his whip,
And rocks up and down
On the floor like a ship.

I went to the pond with him,
Just like the sea,
To sail his three-decker,
That's named after me.
His cheeks were like roses;
He knew all the rocks;
He looks like a sailor,
In gray Knickerbocks.



*I went to the pond with him,
Just like the sea,
To sail his three-decker,
That's named after me.*



Oh, where is the keepsake
I gave you, my Prince?
I keep yours in a drawer
That smells of a quince;
So how can I lose it?
But you, giddy thing!
Keep mine in your pocket,
Mixed up with some string.

Remember the riddle
I told you last week;
And how I forgave you
That scratch on the cheek!
You could not have helped it;
You never would strike,
Intending to do it,
The girl that you like!

You call me Miss Stupid,
You call me Miss Prue,
But how do you like me
In crimson and blue?
We go partners in findings,
And money and that;
You help me in ciphering—
Look at my hat!



I love you, Prince Phillibert!
Who, but myself,
With your foot in the stirrup,
Your book on the shelf?
We call you a Prince, John,
But, oh, when you crack
The nuts we go halves in,
You're my Filbert, Jack!

Lilliput Levee.





THE CAPTAIN'S DAUGHTER.



WE were crowded in the cabin ;
Not a soul would dare to sleep :
It was midnight on the waters,
And a storm was on the deep.

'Tis a fearful thing in winter
To be shattered by the blast,
And to hear the rattling trumpet
Thunder, "Cut away the mast!"

So we shuddered there in silence ;
For the stoutest held his breath,
While the hungry sea was roaring
And the breakers talked of death.



As thus we sat in darkness,
Each one busy with his prayers,
"We are lost!" the captain shouted,
As he staggered down the stairs.

But his little daughter whispered,
As she took his icy hand,
"Isn't God upon the water,
Just the same as on the land?"

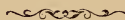
Then he kissed the little maiden,
And he spoke in better cheer;
And we anchored safe in harbor
When the morn was shining clear!

James T. Fields.





A CHILD'S FIRST LETTER.



O write to Papa!
'Tis an enterprise bold
For the fairy-like maiden
Scarce seven years old;
And see! what excitement
The purpose hath wrought
In the eyes that when gravest
Seem playing at thought!

The light little figure
Surprised into rest—
The smiles that *will* come
So demurely repress—
The long-pausing hand
On the paper that lies—
The sweet puzzled look
In the pretty blue eyes.



'Tis a beautiful picture
Of childhood in calm,
Of the cheek swelling soft
O'er the white, dimpled palm,
Sunk deep in its crimson,
And just the clear tip
Of an ivory tooth
On the full under lip.

How the smooth forehead knits !
With her arm round his neck,
It were easier far
Than on paper to speak ;
We must loop up those ringlets ;
Their rich-falling gold
Would blot out the story
As fast as 'twas told.

And she meant to have made it
In bed, but it seems
Sleep melted too soon
All her thoughts into dreams.

But hush !

By that sudden expansion of brow
Some fairy familiar
Has whispered it now.



How she labors exactly
Each letter to sign,
Goes over the whole
At the end of each line,
And lays down her pen,
To clap hands with delight,
When she finds an idea
Especially bright!

At last the small fingers
Have crept to an end:
No statesman his letter
'Twixt nations has penned
With more sense of serious
Importance, and few
In a spirit so earnest,
So loving and true.

She smiles at a feat
So unwonted and grand;
Draws a very long breath—
Rubs the cramped little hand.
May we read it? Oh, yes:
My sweet maiden, maybe
One day you will write
What *one only* must see.



"But no one must change it!"

No, truly it ought
To keep the fresh bloom
On each natural thought.
Who would shake off the dew
To the rose-leaf that clings?
Or the delicate dust
From the butterfly's wings?

"Is it surely a letter?"

So bashfully lies uncertainty yet
In those beautiful eyes,
And the parted lips' coral
Is deepening in glow,
And the eager flush mounts
To the forehead of snow;
'Tis informal, and *slightly*
Discursive, we fear;
Not a line without love,
But the love is sincere.

Unchanged, Papa said,
He would have it depart,
Like a bright leaf dropping out
Of her innocent heart.



Great news from her garden,
Her lamb, and her bird,
Of mamma, and of baby's
Last wonderful word;
With an ardent assurance
They neither can play,
Nor learn, nor be happy,
While *he* is away.

"Will he like it?" Ay, will he!
What letter could seem,
Though an angel indited,
So charming to him?
How the fortunate poem
To honor would rise
That should never be read
By more critical eyes!
Ah, would for poor rhymesters
Such favor could be,
As waits, my fair child,
On thy letter and thee!

Household Words.





ONE SWEETLY SOLEMN THOUGHT.



ONE sweetly solemn thought
Comes to me o'er and o'er —
I am nearer home to-day
Than I have ever been before.

Nearer my Father's house,
Where many mansions be;
Nearer the great white throne;
Nearer the crystal sea;

Nearer the bound of life,
Where we lay our burdens down;
Nearer leaving the cross;
Nearer gaining the crown.



Jesus, my perfect trust,
Strengthen the hand of my faith;
Let me feel thee near when I stand
On the edge of the shore of death; —

Feel thee near when my feet
Are slipping over the brink;
For, it may be, I'm nearer home,
Nearer than now I think.

Alice Cary.





LITTLE THINGS.



LITTLE drops of water,
Little grains of sand,
Make the mighty ocean
And the solid land.

And the little moments,
Humble though they be,
Make the mighty ages
Of eternity.

So our little errors
Lead the soul away
From the paths of virtue
Oft in sin to stray.

Little deeds of kindness,
Little words of love,
Make our earth an Eden,
Like the heaven above.



LOVE OF COUNTRY.



BREATHES there a man with soul
so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own, my native land?
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned,
As home his footsteps he hath turned,
From wandering on a foreign strand?
If such there breathe, go, mark him well,
For him no Minstrel raptures swell;
High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim,
Despite those titles, power, and pelf,
The wretch, concentred all in self,
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
And, doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust, from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonored, and unsung.

Sir Walter Scott.



*Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned,
As home his footsteps he hath turned,
From wandering on a foreign strand.*



LOVE THY MOTHER.



LOVE thy mother, little one!
Kiss and clasp her neck again,—
Hereafter she may have a son
Will kiss and clasp her neck in vain.
Love thy mother, little one!

Gaze upon her living eyes,
And mirror back her love for thee,—
Hereafter thou mayst shudder sighs
To meet them when they cannot see.
Gaze upon her living eyes!

Press her lips, then, while they glow
With love that they have often told,—
Hereafter thou mayst press in woe
And kiss them till thine own are cold.
Press her lips, then, while they glow.



*Love thy mother, little one !
Kiss and clasp her neck again, —
Hereafter she may have a son
'Will kiss and clasp her neck in vain.*

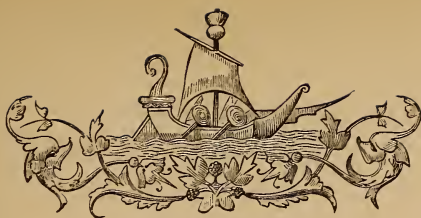


Oh, revere her raven hair!
Although it be not silver-gray,
Too early, Death, led on by care,
May snatch, save one dear lock, away.
Oh, revere her raven hair.

Pray for her at eve and morn,
That Heaven may long the stroke defer —
For thou mayst live the hour forlorn,
When thou wilt ask to die with her.
Pray for her at eve and morn.

Thomas Hood.





A SONG OF PEACE.



PEACEFULLY wanders star on star,
Up in the deep blue heaven,
Far from tumult and far from
war, —
Yonder, where rest is given.

Peacefully flows the silver brook,
Here through the fresh green meadows;
And the bright stars like diamonds look,
Mirrored among its shadows.

“Children, dear children, live in peace,”
Soundeth from earth to heaven;
For until strife and quarrels cease,
Never can Peace be given.



Peacefully, then, should children dwell;
Each one should love his brother,
Always ready all strife to quell,
And to forgive each other.

Then will our life, a stream of love,
Glide like a quiet river,
Till we find, o'er the stars above,
Peace that endures forever.

From the German by H. W. Dulcken.





NEW ENGLAND.



LAND of the forest and the rock,
Of dark-blue lake, and mighty
river,
Of mountains reared aloft to mock
The storm's career, the lightning's shock, —
My own green land forever!
Land of the beautiful and brave,
The freeman's home, the martyr's grave;
The nursery of giant men,
Whose deeds have linked with every glen,
And every hill, and every stream,
The romance of some warrior-dream:
Oh, never may a son of thine,
Where'er his wandering steps incline,
Forget the sky which bent above
His childhood like a dream of love;



The stream beneath the green hill flowing,
The broad-armed trees above it growing,
The clear breeze through the foliage blowing ;
Or hear, unmoved, the taunt of scorn
Breathed o'er the brave New England born ;
Or mark the stranger's jaguar-hand

Disturb the ashes of thy dead, —
The buried glory of a land

Whose soil with noble blood is red, —
Nor feel resentment, like a brand

Unsheathing from his fiery heart !

John G. Whittier.





A MOTHER'S JOYS.



I'VE gear enough, I've gear enough,
I've bonnie bairnies three;
Their welfare is a mine of wealth,
Their love a crown to me.
The joys, the dear delights they bring,
I'm sure I'd not agree
To change for every worldly good
That could be given me.

Let others flaunt in Fashion's ring,
Seek rank and high degree;
I wish them joy, with all my heart, —
They're envied not by me.
I would not give those loving looks,
The heaven of those smiles,
To bear the proudest name — to be
The Queen of Britain's isles.



My sons are like their father dear,
And all the neighbors tell
That my young blue-eyed daughter's just
The picture o' mysel'.
Oh, blessings on my darlings all!
They're dear as summer's shine;
My heart runs o'er with happiness
To think that they are mine!

At evening, morning, every hour,
I've an unchanging prayer,
That Heaven would my bairnies. bless, —
My hope, my joy, my care.
I've gear enough, I've gear enough,
I've bonnie bairnies three;
Their welfare is a mine of wealth,
Their love a crown to me.

William Ferguson.





BUTTERCUPS AND DAISIES.



BUTTERCUPS and Daisies,

Oh! the pretty flowers!

Coming ere the spring-time,

To tell of sunny hours.

While the trees are leafless,

While the fields are bare,

Buttercups and Daisies

Spring up everywhere.

Little hardy flowers,

Like to children poor,

Playing in their sturdy health,

By their mother's door;

Purple with the north wind,

Yet alert and bold,

Fearing not, and caring not,

Though they be a-cold.



What to them is weather?

What are stormy showers?

Buttercups and Daisies,

Are these human flowers!

He who gave them hardship,

And a life of care,

Gave them likewise hardy strength,

And patient hearts to bear!

Welcome, yellow Buttercups!

Welcome, Daisies white!

Ye are in my spirit

Visioned, a delight!

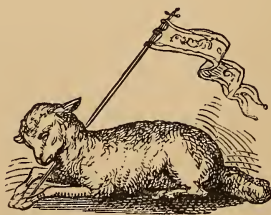
Coming ere the spring-time

Of sunny hours to tell,

Speaking to our hearts of Him

Who doeth all things well.

Anon.





THE ORIGIN OF DIMPLES.



ONE morning, in the blossoming May,
A child was sporting 'mongst the
flowers,
Till, wearied out with his restless play,
He laid him down to dream away
The long and scorching noontide hours.

At length an angel's unseen form
Parted the air with a conscious thrill,
And poised itself, like a presence warm,
Above the boy, who was slumbering still.
Never before had so fair a thing
Stayed the swift speed of his shining wing;
And, gazing down, with a wonder rare,
On the beautiful face of the dreamer there,



The angel stooped to kiss the child,
When, lo! at the touch the baby smiled —
And just where the unseen lips had pressed,
A dimple lay in its sweet unrest, —
Sporting upon his cheek of rose
Like a ripple waked from its light repose
On a streamlet's breast when the soft wind
blows.

And the angel passed from the sleeping one,
For his mission to earth that day was done.
A fair face bent above the boy;

It must have been the boy's own mother,
For never would such pride and joy
Have lit the face of any other.

And while she gazed, the quiet air
Grew tremulous with a whispered prayer;
And now it ceased, and the boy awoke,
And a smile of love o'er his features broke.
The mother marked, with a holy joy,
The dimpling cheek of her darling boy,
And caught him up, while a warm surprise
Stole like a star to her midnight eyes;
And she whispered low, as she gently smiled,
"I know an angel has kissed my child!"

C. A. Briggs.



TO MY GODCHILD, ALICE.



LICE, Alice, little Alice,
My new christened baby Alice,
Can there ever rhymes be found

To express my wishes for thee,
In a silvery flowing, worthy
Of that silver sound?

Bonnie Alice, Lady Alice,
Sure, this sweetest name must be
A true omen to thee, Alice,
Of a life's long melody.

Alice, Alice, little Alice,
Mayst thou prove a golden chalice,
Filled with holiness like wine;
With rich blessings running o'er,
Yet replenished evermore
From a fount divine.

Alice, Alice, little Alice,
When this future comes to thee,
In thy young life's brimming chalice
Keep some drops of balm for me!



Alice, Alice, little Alice,
 Mayst thou grow a goodly palace,
 Fitly framed from roof to floors;
 Pure unto the inmost centre,
 While high thoughts like angels enter
 At the open doors.

Alice, Alice, little Alice,
 When this beauteous sight I see,
 In thy woman-heart's wide palace
 Keep one nook of love for me.

Alice, Alice, little Alice,
 Sure the verse halts out of malice
 To thoughts it feebly bears,
 And thy name's soft echoes, ranging
 From quaint rhyme to rhyme are changing
 Into silent prayers.
 God be with thee, little Alice!
 Of His bounteousness may He
 Fill the chalice, build the palace,
 Here, unto eternity!

Mrs. Mulock (Craik).





BARBARA FRIETCHIE.



U P from the meadows, rich with
corn,
Clear in the cool September morn,

The clustered fires of Frederick stand,
Green-walled by the hills of Maryland.

Round about them orchards sweep,
Apple and peach tree fruited deep.

Fair as the garden of the Lord
To the eyes of the famished rebel horde,

On that pleasant morn of the early fall,
When Lee marched over the mountain wall,—

Over the mountains winding down,
Horse and foot, into Frederick town.



Forty flags, with their silver stars,
Forty flags, with crimson bars,

Flapped in the morning wind: the sun
Of noon looked down, and saw not one!

Up rose Barbara Frietchie then,
Bowed with her fourscore years and ten, —

Bravest of all in Frederick town,
She took up the flag the men hauled down.

In her attic window the staff she set,
To show that one heart was loyal yet.

Up the street came the rebel tread,
Stonewall Jackson riding ahead.

Under his slouched hat, left and right,
He glanced: the old flag met his sight.

"Halt!" — the dust-brown ranks stood fast.
"Fire!" — out blazed the rifle blast.

It shivered the window, pane and sash;
It rent the banner with seam and gash.



Quick, as it fell from the broken staff,
Dame Barbara snatched the silken scarf.

She leaned far out on the window sill,
And shook it forth with a royal will.

"Shoot, if you must, this gray old head;
But spare your country's flag!" she said.

A shade of sadness, a blush of shame,
Over the face of the leader came.

The nobler nature within him stirred
To life at that woman's deed and word.

"Who touches a hair of yon gray head
Dies like a dog! March on!" he said.

All day long, through Frederick street,
Sounded the tread of marching feet:

All day long that free flag tossed
Over the heads of the rebel host;

Ever its torn folds rose and fell
On the loyal winds that loved it well;



And through the hill-gaps sunset light
Shone over it with a warm good night.

Barbara Frietchie's work is o'er,
And the rebel rides on his raids no more.

Honor to her! and let a tear
Fall, for her sake, on Stonewall's bier.

Over Barbara Frietchie's grave
Flag of Freedom and Union wave!

Peace and order and beauty draw
Round thy symbol of light and law!

And ever the stars above look down
On thy stars below at Frederick town.

J. G. Whittier.





LITTLE CHILDREN.



SPORTING through the forest wide,
Playing by the water side,
Wandering o'er the heathy fells,
Down within the woodland dells,
All among the mountains wild
Dwelleth many a little child!
In the baron's hall of pride,
By the poor man's fireside,
'Mid the mighty, 'mid the mean,
Little children may be seen.



Like the flowers that spring up fair,
Bright and countless everywhere!
In the far isles of the main,
In the desert's lone domain,
In the savage mountain-glen,
'Mong the tribes of swarthy men,
Whereso'er the sun hath shone
On a league of peopled ground,
Little children may be found!
Blessings on them! They in me
Move a kindly sympathy,
With their wishes, hopes, and fears;
With their laughter and their tears;
With their wonder so intense,
And their small experience!
Little children, not alone
On the wide earth are ye known,
'Mid its labors and its cares,
'Mid its sufferings and its snares;
Free from sorrow, free from strife,
In the world of love and life,
Where no sinful thing hath trod —
In the presence of your God,
Spotless, blameless, glorified —
Little children, ye abide!

Mary Howitt.



THE LITTLE BROTHER.



LITTLE brother in a cot,
Baby, baby ;
Shall he have a pleasant lot?
May be, may be !

Little Brother in a nap,
Baby, baby !
Bless his tiny little cap !
Noise far away be !

With a rattle in his hand,
Baby, baby !
Dreaming — who can understand
Dreams like this, what they be ?



When he wakes, kiss him twice,
Then talk, and gay be;
Little cheeks, soft and nice,
Baby, baby!

Pretty little pouting boy,
Baby, baby!
Let his life, with sweet and toy,
Pleasure all and play be!

Seven white angels watching here,
Baby, baby!
Pray be kind to baby dear,
Pray be, pray be!

Little Brother in a cot,
Baby, baby!
He shall have a pleasant lot—
Must—not may be!

Lilliput Levee.





THE ORGAN.



KNOW the Organ is a living thing ;
He speaks on Sundays when they
sing,

And when the choristers intone ;
But all the week he stays alone,
And meditates with a patient mind
On the thoughts the people have left behind,
Thousands and thousands in their breath,
Though the church is empty, and still as
death.

I should like to creep into the church at night,
And visit him there alone in his might,
When the moon through the picture-window
gleams,
And paints the wonderful creature's dreams.



Sometimes, when I sit and look at him,
My heart beats thick, and the church grows
dim!

He speaks: I look at the pipes on his face,
And I think he will move, move, move from
his place;

And I think the roof of the church will rise;
The cold floor shakes with fear as it lies;
My body seems to have lost its weight—
We all shall float, like clouds to the skies,
When the beautiful Organ comes marching
down,

And the church will be larger than any town;
For his voice is a lifting voice, and great;
The voice of a creature that moves on straight,
Like a driving light in awful dream,
Or a ghostly ship on a ghostly stream.

Lilliput Levée.





CRADLE SONG.



ULLABY, Lullaby,

Baby must sleep ; —

Now when the daylight dies,

Closed be the little eyes ;

Rest till the sun arise ;

Sleep, baby, sleep.

Lullaby, Lullaby,

Baby must sleep ; —

Peaceful shall rest thy head ;

Noiseless shall be the tread

Round our dear darling's bed, —

Sleep, baby, sleep.

Lullaby, Lullaby,

Baby must sleep ;

No cause for anxious fears ;

Not yet for thee the years

When life must have its tears ;

Sleep, baby, sleep.



Lullaby, Lullaby,
Baby must sleep; —
Baby by Heaven blest!
Cares trouble not thy breast;
Nought shall disturb thy rest;
Sleep, baby, sleep.

Lullaby, Lullaby,
Baby must sleep; —
Mother will watch and pray,
Danger may keep away,
Until the dawn of day;
Sleep, baby, sleep.

Lullaby, Lullaby,
Baby must sleep; —
Forms that we cannot see,
Loving, are watching thee;
Thus may it ever be!
Sleep, baby, sleep.

Lullaby, Lullaby,
Baby must sleep; —
God answers from the skies,
Mother's fond prayers that rise;
Baby must close his eyes; —
Sleep, baby, sleep.

Samuel Burnham.

LIFE'S WORK.



ALL around us, fair with flowers,
Fields of beauty sleeping lie;
All around us clarion voices
Call to duty stern and high.

Thankfully we will rejoice in
All the beauty God has given;
But beware it does not win us
From the work ordained of Heaven.

Following every voice of mercy,
With a trusting, loving heart,
Let us in life's earnest labor
Still be sure to do our part.

Now, to-day, and not to-morrow,
Let us work with all our might,
Lest the wretched faint and perish
In the coming stormy night.

Now, to-day, and not to-morrow,
Lest before to-morrow's sun
We, too, mournfully departing,
Shall have left our work undone.

Anon.

MY BROTHER.



HO often with me kindly played,
And all my little playthings made,
My kite and ball — though still
unpaid?

My Brother.

Who made a sled when winter came,
With little ropes to draw the same,
And on its sides carved out my name?

My Brother.

And who was it that taught to me
The way to read my A, B, C,
And marked them on the slate for me?

My Brother.

Who gathered apples from the tree,
Chestnuts and walnuts too, for me?
Who cheerful did all this but thee,

My Brother?

Then may I ever grateful be
For all thy kindness shown to me,
And ne'er withdraw my love from thee,

My Brother.

Fane Taylor.

MY SISTER.



HO held the tempting cherry nigh,
And always tried to make me
cry,

And stuck the scissors in my eye?

My Sister!

Who threw my playthings on the floor,
And broke my doll behind the door,
And my best ribbons always wore?

My Sister!

Who pinched my kitten's ear or tail,
And ducked her in the water pail,
And laughed at her unearthly wail?

My Sister!

Who spilled her coffee in my lap,
And tore mamma's new breakfast cap,
And blurred with ink my Atlas map?

My Sister!

Who's glad dear sister's married now,
And not at home to raise a row?
I know who's happy, anyhow!

Her Sister!

Anon.



CLEAN CLARA.



WHAT! not know our Clean Clara?
Why, the folks in hot Sahara,
And the cold Esquimaux,
Our little Clara know!
Clean Clara, the Poet sings,
Cleaned a hundred thousand things!

She cleaned the keys of the harpsichord,
She cleaned the hilt of the family sword,
She cleaned my lady, she cleaned my lord,
All the pictures in their frames,
Knights with daggers, and stomachered
dames —

Cecils, Godfreys, Montforts, and Græmes,
Winnifreds — all those nice old names!

She cleaned the works of the eight-day clock,
She cleaned the spring of a secret lock,



She cleaned the mirror, she cleaned the cupboard ;

All the books she India-rubbed !

She cleaned the Dutch tiles in the place,

She cleaned some very old family lace ;

The Countess of Minever came to her,

"Pray, my dear, will you clean my fur?"

All her cleanings are admirable ;

To count your teeth you will be able,

If you look in the walnut table.

She cleaned the tent-stitch, and the sampler ;

She cleaned the tapestry, which was ampler ;

Joseph going down in the pit,

And the Shunamite woman with the boy in
a fit ;

You saw the reapers, *not* in the distance,

And Elisha coming to the child's assistance.

With the house on the wall, that was built
for the prophet,

The chair, the bed, and the bolster of it ;

The eyebrows all had a twirl reflective,

Just like an eel : to spare invective,

There was plenty of color, but no perspective.



However, Clara cleaned it all,
With a curious lamp that hangs in the hall ;
She cleaned the drops of the chandeliers ;
Madam in mittens was moved to tears.

She cleaned the cage of the cockatoo,
The oldest bird that ever grew ;
I should say a thousand years old would do, —
I'm sure he looked it : but nobody knew.
She cleaned the china, she cleaned the delf,
She cleaned the baby, she cleaned herself !
To-morrow morning she means to try
To clean the cobwebs from the sky ;
Some people say the girl will rue it,
But *my* belief is, she will do it.

So I've made up my mind to be there to see ;
There's a beautiful place in the walnut tree ;
The bough is as firm as a solid rock ;
She brings out her broom at six o'clock.

Lilliput Levee.





THE PEDLER'S CARAVAN.



WISH I lived in a caravan,
With a horse to drive, like a ped-
ler man!

Where he comes from nobody knows,
Or where he goes to, but on he goes!

His caravan has windows two,
And a chimney of tin, that the smoke comes
through;

He has a wife, with a baby brown,
And they go riding from town to town.

Chairs to mend, and delf to sell!
He clashes the basins like a bell;
Tea-trays, baskets ranged in order,
Plates, with the alphabet round their border.

The roads are brown, the sea is green,
But his house is just like a bathing machine;
The world is round, and he can ride,
Rumble, and splash, to the other side!



With the pedler man I should like to roam,
And write a book when I came home;
And all the people would read my book,
Just like the Travels of Captain Cook!

Lilliput Levee.



GOD'S GOODNESS.



CHILD, when, with careful tending
hand,
Amid the flowers you go,
Forget not Him whose watchfulness
Sends rain on all below.

The same great Hand that guides the stars,
Pours down the fruitful shower;
Then let the rain-drops speak His love,
The stars proclaim His power.

From the German.





BIRDIE, BIRDIE.



BIRDIE, Birdie, will you, pet?

Summer is far and far away yet.

You'll have silken quilts and a
velvet bed,

And a pillow of satin for your head!"

"I'd rather sleep in the ivy wall;

No rain comes through, though I hear it fall;

The sun peeps gay at dawn of day,

And I sing, and wing away, away!"



"Oh, Birdie, Birdie! will you, pet?
Diamond-stones, and amber, and jet,
We'll string on a necklace fair and fine,
To please this pretty bird of mine!"

"Oh! thanks for diamonds, and thanks for
jet;

But here is something daintier yet, —
A feather necklace round and round,
That I wouldn't sell for a thousand pound!"

"Oh, Birdie, Birdie! won't you, pet?
We'll buy you a dish of silver fret,
A golden cup, and an ivory seat,
And carpets soft beneath your feet!"

"Can running water be drunk from gold?
Can a silver dish the forest hold?
A rocking twig is the finest chair,
And the softest path is through the air, —
Good by, good by, to my lady fair!"

Wm. Allingham.



SLUMBER ON, BABY DEAR.



SLUMBER on, Baby dear;

Do not hear thy mother's sigh

Breathed for him far away,

Whilst she sings thy lullaby!

Slumber on: o'er thy sleep

Loving eyes will watch with care;

In thy dreams may thou see

God's own angels hovering here.

Slumber on: may sweet sleep

Softly on thine eyelids lie,

While I watch, chanting low,

Thy sweet, soothing lullaby.

Slumber on, happy child;

May life's storms pass gently by,

When this voice, hushed and still,

No more sings thy lullaby!

In this heart, torn with grief,

Lies a doting love for thee:

ather, come, bless our child,

Sweetly slumbering on my knee.

From the Italian by H. C. Watson.

A WOOD-NOTE.



OME ye, come ye, to the green,
green wood;
Loudly the blackbird is singing;
The squirrel is feasting on blossom and bud,
And the curling fern is springing:
Here ye may sleep,
In the moss so deep,
While the noon is so warm and so weary,
And sweetly awake,
As the sun through the brake
Bids the robin and white-throat sing cheery.

The quicken is tufted with blossoms of snow,
And is throwing its perfume around it;
The wryneck replies to the cuckoo's halloo,
For joy that again she has found it;
The jay's red breast
Peeps over the nest,
In the midst of the crab-blossoms blushing:
And the call of the pheasant
Is frequent and pleasant
When all other calls are hushing.

Howitt.



*Here ye may sleep, in the moss so deep,
While the noon is so warm and so weary.*

(201)

E A S T E R C A R O L .



LET the merry church bells ring ;
Hence with tears and sighing ;
Frost and cold have fled from
spring ;

Life hath conquered dying.
Flowers are smiling, fields are gay,
Sunny is the weather ;
With our risen Lord to-day,
All things rise together.

Let the birds sing out again
From their leafy chapel,
Praising Him with whom in vain
Sin hath sought to grapple.
Sounds of joy come loud and clear,
As the breezes flutter :
"He arose, and is not here !"
Is the strain they utter.

Mourning hearts must needs be gay,
Out of sorrow's prison,
Since the very grave can say,
"Christ — he hath arisen !"

Anon.



B A B Y .



PART I.



H, when did Baby come?

When half the world was dumb

Babe was dressed in white,

In the black, dead night,

Oh, Baby came from where?

That place is very fair;

The middle of the skies,

The heart of Paradise.

Oh, who sent Baby here?

It was an angel, dear,

A spirit of purple flame;

LOVE is that angel's name.

Oh, who was Baby's shield,

Down from the heavenly field,

Along the pathway dim?

One of the cherubim;

His sword he took with him.



His golden head he bowed
To cleave the hindering cloud;
A seraph shone behind,
Singing through the wind.

Singing and shining thus,
They brought the gift to us,
And in the dead of night
The child was wrapped in white.

O God, — who art the Lord
Of the cherub with the sword,
And the seraph with the lamp, —
Let both of them encamp

Beside the hushing tent
Of the creature that is sent
From the middle of the sky,
To guard, to beautify; —

To make the inaudible breath
More terrible than death,
And light the unconscious face,
As from a heavenly place,
With the wonder of thy ways.

Lilliput Levee.



B A B Y .



PART II.



H, why are your beautiful eyes so red,

Fair Lady?

They have taken my baby out of
my bed,

My Baby!

Speak soft; your babe has gone up to God,

Fair Lady.

His little feet, little feet were not shod,

My Baby!

But the road that leads to the heavenly town

Is all over clouds as soft as down,

Fair Lady.

The way of the clouds is long and dim;

I would I were there to carry him,

My Baby!

He will be holpen by cherubs bright,

A fair new star for a lamp they light,

Sweet Lady!



The way to the heavenly town is long ;
I would I could sing him a cradle song,
My Baby.

Our Lord stands waiting at heaven's door,
And many a one gone on before,
Sweet Lady.

Oh, he will feel strange in the heavenly street,
My Baby.

But the happy innocents he will meet,
Fair Lady.

For the comely food he will cry, and gaze,
My Baby.

They will make him a feast in the heavenly
place ;

Our Lord will be there to speak the grace,
Fair Lady.

The heavenly town will grow so dear,
He will forget his mother here,
My Baby.

He shall think of his mother in all the cheer,
He will not forget in a thousand year,
Fair Lady.

Lilliput Levee.





WEARINESS.



O H, little feet! that such long years
Must wander on through hopes
and fears;
Must ache and bleed beneath your load;
I nearer to the wayside inn,
Where toil shall cease and rest begin,
Am weary, thinking of your road.

Oh, little hands! that, weak or strong,
Have still to serve, or rule so long,
Have still so long to give or ask, —
I, who so much with book and pen,
Have toiled among my fellow-men,
Am weary, thinking of your task.



Oh, little hearts ! that throb and beat
With such impatient, feverish heat,
Such limitless and strong desires ;
Mine, that so long has glowed and burned
With passions into ashes turned,
Now covers and conceals its fires.

Oh, little souls ! as pure and white,
And crystalline as rays of light
Direct from heaven, their source divine ;
Refracted through the mists of years,
How red my setting sun appears !
How lurid looks this soul of mine !

Henry W. Longfellow.





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